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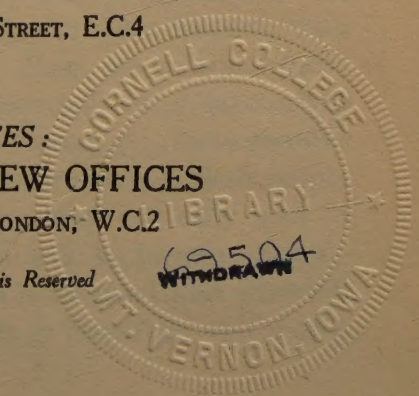

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JULY, 1938

THE FUTURE OF MEDICAL PRACTICE.

BY H. S. SOUTTAR, D.M., MCH.,F.R.C.S.

IT would be hard to find a problem more difficult both in itself and in the issues which it raises, or one to which more varied solutions would be offered, than that of the uture of medical practice. The Labour Party finds an easy nswer in a State Medical Service, the Yellow Press would bolish Harley Street, whilst the average doctor clings to the raditions of a vanished past and only asks to be left alone. t is a very curious fact that the man in the street regards the ıedical profession in general, and all consultants in particular, ith grave suspicion, but that he always makes one exception. Iis own doctor is a pearl beyond price, the one friend to whom e can turn and upon whom he can rely in every kind of difficulty, ıe one confidant from whom he hides nothing. He has indeed iscovered a truth which the politician will never grasp, that is the Doctor who matters, and that without all that is nshrined in that beloved title a medical service is but an mpty sham.

It is only in the last few years that the health of the nation as become a matter of general interest, and now it has suddenly ecome one of the most prominent features of Government olicy and the subject of propaganda as widespread as it is ıtense. The reasons for this are many and complex, but the ulk of the propaganda presents one very curious feature, that ıe Doctor as such is entirely ignored. Now, we welcome most ordially the interest of Ministers of the Crown, the establishment of inics, improvements in the conditions of living, *etc.*, but we would rge that without the Doctor all these activities lose their point, ıat without a first-class medical service they can only lead to isappointment, and that their success will be largely propor- onal to the extent to which they are controlled and directed y men of wide medical experience. It is therefore well worth

while to consider what the functions and position of the Doct are to be in the future, since these considerations must mo materially affect his prospects and his training.

Of the many fields open to a doctor by far the largest a in many ways the most important is that of National Heal Insurance. Even in its present restricted form it utilizes t services of more than nineteen thousand doctors and serv eighteen million workers. In spite of all that has been sa to the contrary it has brought an efficient medical service to t whole of a vast industrial population, and it has brought dignity and a security to the doctor in industrial practice su as he never knew before. But it suffers from two curio restrictions in that it is limited to the industrial worker himse and that it is limited to services " within the competence of t general practitioner."

Now, there can surely be no logical ground for providing medical service for a working man and refusing it to his wife a children. If the same system were suggested for food a housing its absurdity would be obvious, and a moment reflection will show that the health of the worker's wife a family are quite as important to the community as his own. was perhaps wise to start National Health Insurance in t more limited sphere, but with the experience which has now be gained there are few who would not urge the extension of i benefits to the whole industrial community. This will, howeve mean a vast revolution in medical practice, for there will th be some thirty-five million persons or more than three-quarte of the whole population included in the service. When o remembers that large numbers in addition are already provide for in other services, the field for uncovenanted practice becom very restricted, and one wonders whether in the end all medic practice will not be conducted on a contract basis.

The exclusion from National Health Insurance of the grav forms of illness is equally indefensible, although here again may have been the wiser policy as a commencement. By wh possible logic can it be argued that it is the duty of the Sta to look after a man with a cold in his head, but that if he brea his leg or develops an acute appendix it is up to the charitab public to take care of him in a Voluntary Hospital ? In Londo

e anomaly is particularly glaring, for it is in general the *duty* an Insurance Practitioner to transfer to hospital any of his tients who require an operation or some special form of eatment, and if the hospital is a voluntary one the treatment quired is carried out by highly trained experts who receive no yment at all. In the country it is quite possible that the surance practitioner is on the staff of the local hospital where e can give his patient, often with very great skill, all those rvices which he requires, but which are not "within the mpetence of the general practitioner".

These are then two ways in which National Health Insurance ay be modified in the near future, by an extension of its area nd by an extension of its content. But to return to the surance Practitioner himself, there are several ways in which is work and position are likely to change, from a growing ppreciation of their national importance. Already it is alized that the passing of a qualifying examination is at the st only an indication that the student has reached a certain andard of knowledge; but it furnishes no guarantee that e will maintain that standard, and still less that he will ever ld to it and keep pace with the rapid advance of medical science. hat he should do so is obviously vital to the efficiency of his rvice, and yet it makes demands upon his time and energies hich are rarely possible of fulfilment. To achieve it with y completeness would demand that he should return to his edical school for a special post-graduate course at regular tervals, in addition to keeping contact with current literature nd with local medical societies. It is probable that in the ture some such arrangement will be one of the conditions of s service, but it must be realized that this would involve oblems not easy of solution. Provision must be made for the re of his practice in his absence, whilst suitable special courses ust be provided in those subjects which he desires to study. provide courses at regular intervals for over 19,000 practi- ners is no light undertaking and yet some such provision is ential to a really efficient service.

But it is of even greater moment that the *public* should lize the immense importance of regular postgraduate reshment. Half the difficulties would be overcome if a

practitioner could be sure on his return that his patients appreciated the effort he had made and did not look askance at a doctor so ignorant that he had to return to his hospital to learn his business. Practitioners in America have told me that unless they went away regularly for presumed postgraduate study they would soon lose their practices. In England such unusual enterprises have to be undertaken by stealth.

If one section of medical practice is based on National Health Insurance, another section of equal importance is based on our Voluntary Hospitals and its future must be largely influenced by the changes which are taking place in these institutions. Twenty years ago the position of the hospitals was simplicity itself. So far as their patients were concerned they existed solely for the care of the necessitous poor. They were supported entirely by the voluntary contributions of a charitable public, and patients received from the medical staff the finest treatment that medical science had to offer, given and accepted as charity to the poor.

Two circumstances have gone far to alter this relationship between our hospitals and their patients. On the one hand, the great advances of medical science have brought with them the necessity for an elaborate and extensive technical equipment, whilst the precision of modern diagnosis and the astonishing results of modern treatment are only obtained at the cost of vast labour on the part of the medical staff. So elaborate, indeed, have modern methods become, that it is only in an institution of some size that they can be applied on an economic basis, or indeed that many of them can be carried out at all. It is only in such an institution, for example, that a surgeon can obtain all the expert assistance he may require, that clinical laboratories and radiographic departments can be at his disposal, and that he can call in colleagues for advice without a thought of the expense involved for his patient. It is only in such an institution that there can be provided, at a modest cost, the nursing service which is the basis of all his work. The inevitable result is that we are obliged to admit to our hospitals a large number of patients who on financial grounds alone could have no right to admission.

On the other hand, the circumstances of the working class

ıve so far altered that the class of poor who filled our hospitals venty years ago can scarcely be said to exist. Our wards are lled with patients who would then have been regarded as ositively affluent, many of whom resent the insinuation of harity and are anxious to pay their way, an anxiety which nany hospital committees have relieved with alacrity.

It is evident that the acceptance of money from a patient y the hospital for services rendered entirely alters the relation- hip between the hospital and its Medical Staff. The djustment of this would, however, be a comparatively simple natter, were it not for other considerations which must be taken nto account. In many cases the payment is not made directly y the patient at all but by an insurance society to which he nas contributed. The development of these contributory chemes, as they are called, is one of the most striking features of nospital finance at the present day, and one of the most hopeful. It can lead to nothing but good that an individual, of whatever lass, should protect himself by insurance against disaster and hat when trouble comes he should be able to fall back upon the esources he has earned and not be dependent on charity. But a noment's reflection will show that by his foresight this individual nas raised a very pretty problem in medical finance.

For what is he insured? "For his maintenance and reatment", replies the British Medical Association. And when ou discover that on a strictly actuarial basis he can for the sum f 3d. a week insure, not only for the cost of his maintenance, ut for a reasonable fee for the medical man who treats him, you ill realize that the British Medical Association is not entirely mulating Shylock.

Such a change in the hospital *clientèle*, involving of necessity n altered relation to the medical staff, must greatly modify the hole character of consulting practice. If he is paid for his ospital work, the consultant will no longer have to recoup imself by charging large fees to private patients, and indeed, nany of his private patients will be in the paying wards of the ospital. Such an arrangement is almost universal on the ontinent and in Canada and the United States, and it is found o make immensely for convenience and efficiency. It is mpossible to estimate the value to either a surgeon or a physician

of being able to place his patients under the trained control of the staff of his own hospital. If the public understood all that it means there would be no hospital in England without its private wards.

This, however, is only one aspect of the profound change which is taking place in the hospital service of the country. Not only is the social class of patients changing but the type of case seeking admission has altered. More and more the hospitals are being used in a consultative capacity and not as the courts of first instance in the treatment of disease. Undoubtedly the most powerful influence in bringing about this most important and desirable change was the passing of the National Health Insurance Act.

When the Insurance Act came into force in January, 1913, serious misgivings were felt in the hospitals of London as to the effect it might have upon their income and upon the numbers of their patients. As regards the former—it was argued that with the provision of a national medical service the sources of charity would be dried up, and, as regards the latter, fears were freely expressed that in such an area as London it would be only too easy for the insurance practitioner to relieve himself of his more serious responsibilities at the expense of the hospitals, while retaining the payment he received for services which he never rendered. Neither of these fears has, in fact, been justified by experience, even at the London Hospital where, from its position, they had perhaps more foundation than at any other hospital in the country. In regard to the London Hospital I am able, thanks to the kindness of the late House Governor, Sir Ernest Morris, to give definite statistics, which are important both as proofs of the statement I have made and as suggestive of what we may expect from an extension of National Health Insurance.

As regards patients, the number of In-patients was in no way affected, but the Out-patients dropped at once by 21 per cent. During the War the numbers dropped still further until in 1918 the number of Out-patients was only 43 per cent. of that in 1913. Since then it has risen slightly but even now it is less than half what it was before the Insurance Acts came into force.

An even more remarkable result appears on studying the

verage attendance of each Out-patient, for the attendance hows an absolutely steady rise unaffected by either the nsurance Acts or the War. The average number of attendances ose from 2.5 in 1908 to 4.4 in 1922, and since that time it has isen slowly but steadily, the figures for 1936 being 4.9. To give ctual figures for the three years 1908, 1922, 1936, the numbers f Out-patients treated at the London Hospital were respectively 42,000, 107,000, 101,000, whilst the corresponding attendances ere 607,000, 466,000 and 498,000, giving attendance ratios of .5, 4.3 and 4.9.

These figures are large enough to justify two very definite onclusions. In the first place it is evident that the hospital s not being swamped by numbers of patients who ought to be reated by their Panel Doctor. In the second place, the everity of the cases coming to the hospital and the extent of he treatment they receive are both increasing. It is evident hat the cases have already been to some extent selected and hat the hospital is being used to a greater and greater degree in a consultative capacity.

As regards the hospital funds, there has been a steady rise in contributions from all sources and this has certainly not been hecked by the Insurance Act. Compare these figures. In 1913, the year of a Quinquennial Appeal at the London Hospital, hese efforts produced the handsome total of £237,763, a record at the time which, however, was quite eclipsed in 1923 by a otal of £361,445. Since that time the *normal* annual income as steadily risen until last year, it exceeded £247,000, an mount actually exceeding that obtained by the special effort f 1913.

It is, of course, true that the hospital is no richer, since osts have kept pace with contributions, but it is certainly a natter for congratulation to Sir William Goschen that the ontributions have kept pace with the costs. And the increase s not from one source only. Contributions from patients, from he working classes, by legacies, and from the charitable public ave all shared to achieve this end. It almost seems as if harity were stimulated and not checked by the efforts of the orking classes to pay what they can for the service of the ospitals. Certainly there has never been a time when the

benefits of the hospitals were more widely appreciated or when a higher value was set on the services they render to the State.

It seems highly probable, then, that in the near future attempts will be made to enlarge the scope of the Insurance Acts in two directions, first to extend their operation by the inclusion of dependents, and secondly to include hospital treatment in the benefit they provide.

As regards the first, everything goes to show that such an extension would improve the standard of the work of the hospitals by relieving them of minor cases and by still further increasing the consultative character of their services. To the patient there would be the immense advantage of treatment in his locality where continuous supervision would be far easier, and where he might expect a degree of individual attention and interest scarcely possible in an Out-patient department. He would not lose his "Doctor."

The inclusion of hospital treatment in medical benefit would seem to be a logical sequel of the Insurance Acts, although it presents considerable difficulties. It would bring the consultant and the general practitioner into closer co-operation and would lead to an interchange of information and opinion which must be of advantage to everyone concerned and most of all to the patient. The earlier reference and admission of serious cases and their earlier discharge from hospital, with the knowledge that they would receive adequate medical attention from the other member of the partnership, the general practitioner, would not be the least of the advantages. But it must be admitted that the difficulties to be overcome are considerable.

If these difficulties can be overcome such a development as the inclusion of hospital service in National Health Insurance would do much towards the solution of a very thorny problem the relation of the general practitioner to the hospital. In the larger towns, at least, general practice and consulting practice have become entirely separate fields, the one based on the home, and the other on the hospital. When a patient enters hospital he passes from the care of his home doctor to the care of a consultant and to a sphere of work from which the practitioner is excluded. The practitioner feels that he has lost

his patient, whilst the consultant lacks the foundation of personal knowledge and confidence which must underlie all successful treatment. Often, it is true, the gap is bridged by mutual consultation and correspondence, but this is by no means always the case, and only too often admission to, and discharge from hospital, mean a complete loss of continuity. If both practitioner and consultant were members of the same service, it would be far easier to maintain this vital continuity, and indeed, it would be one of the essential conditions of service. Moreover, the closer contact of the practitioner with the hospital would do more than any system of postgraduate education to maintain a high standard in his work and would make it far easier for him to keep abreast of modern advances.

Quite apart from this there is an increasing demand from general practitioners in the larger towns for the facilities available to their brethren in the country for admission to hospital of their patients under their own charge. For the more serious emergencies the present system is satisfactory enough, but there are many cases where efficient nursing is impossible at home, but where the specialist staff and the elaborate equipment of the modern hospital are not required. It has been suggested that either in a separate building or in some portion of a general hospital, a " Home Hospital " might be established where the general practitioner might treat his own patients and where he might enjoy in respect of his poorer patients, all the amenities which are placed at his disposal for the more affluent in a nursing home. The country practitioner enjoys precisely these facilities in a cottage hospital; they are essential to the efficient conduct of services fully " within the competence of the general practitioner", and their provision in London and the larger towns has been too long delayed.

There are many other branches of medical practice which it is not possible here to discuss, such as the departments of Public Health, or Public Assistance, of Maternity and Child Welfare and private general practice. These are all part of a great health service which has gradually developed in the last thirty years, and which carries through without ostentation work for the community the value of which it is impossible to exaggerate. But when we speak of the Future of Medical

Practice it is to the wide fields of general and consulting practice that our thoughts naturally turn. Upon the closer inter-relationship between these two fields must depend the whole future of medical progress and upon their mutual harmony and reliance must ultimately depend the health of the nation. From that standpoint they are of equal value and neither can stand without the help of the other, and yet there is one fundamental point in their relationship to which we venture to think far too little attention has been paid.

The training of the medical student is the same in every detail up to the moment of his qualification, whatever branch he may ultimately follow. If he is wise or fortunate he will spend six months or a year as a Resident Officer in a hospital before he makes his final choice. Then the paths of consultant and general practitioner diverge sharply. The consultant takes up further hospital appointments where he has the opportunity of watching and assisting men who have made his chosen branch their lifework. He takes advanced degrees, and perhaps he spends some time abroad in study at a foreign medical school. His life is an arduous one, and whatever his ultimate success, he is fortunate if he is making a moderate living by the time he is thirty-five, or even forty.

Now, there is no one with any knowledge of general practice who will not agree that in its way it is to-day a specialized branch of medicine, and it is a constant subject of complaint that for practice in this branch the ordinary medical curriculum is incomplete. This is especially true of Insurance Practice, the complex requirements of which are of themselves a subject for special training. It is true that the sensible student who has just left his hospital gets over the difficulty by going as an assistant, or by joining a well established firm, where he can gain the necessary experience, but the fact that he does so is due to his own wisdom and not to that of the authorities who have given him the right to practice without any such qualification.

It has often been suggested that the qualification obtained by examination should be suspensory and that its final ratification should be conditional on a satisfactory record of a year's work as assistant either in a hospital or with a well-established firm

f practitioners. This is now actually the case in Germany, nd it is said to have proved very satisfactory. The only eal objection that can be raised is the economic one of the ardship involved in adding a year to the student's training. Even this difficulty may however, be avoided.

If the views expressed above are correct there is likely in ne near future to be a large expansion of Insurance Practice, nd the Government have made it quite plain that they are ghtly determined to maintain this service at the highest ossible level of efficiency. A possible suggestion is that ntrance to this service should only be obtainable one year fter the obtaining of a registered qualification, and on the roduction of evidence that that year had been spent in a atisfactory course of practical work and study. Such a ear devoted to the supervised practice of his profession, which ertainly need not be without remuneration, would be of ncalculable advantage to the young practitioner, whilst such portal of entry would at once raise the status of National Iealth Insurance to the level which its national importance emands.

British medicine has behind it a great record of brilliant chievement and of devoted service. It is true that in laboratory esearch we can hold our own with any nation, but it is haracteristic of our race that the greatest advances in medicine nd in surgery have been won by men in the ordinary pursuit f their daily work. As one who knows something of the edical students of the present day, who will be the doctors of o-morrow, I am confident that we may safely leave in their eeping the future of medical practice.

RECONNAISSANCE ON THE HOME FRONT

By W. Horsfall Carter

ON Sunday, June 12th, one of the Sabbath sirens came out with a clamant poster "The World thinks we are Yellow." It is a sign of grace that such a paper should bother about what the world thinks of us. And, unfortunately, in this case the inverted jingo whose article was thus featured spoke nothing but the truth—as anyone who goes about outside this country with the windows of his mind open can testify. Mr. Anthony Eden's forthright speech in Leamington on the previous day reflected the self-same preoccupation.

That speech was an event. No praise can be too high for the public demeanour of the ex-Foreign Secretary since he was discarded last February to make a Roman holiday. In successive utterances, beginning with the address on England at the St. George's Day banquet, he had behaved in accordance with the best traditions of loyalty among sahibs, only calling his fellow-countrymen to a consciousness of danger, of the " stupendous," " hurricane," forces that are loose in the world to-day, and urging that " if we are to uphold our ideals .... then a comparable effort must be made by us and an equal spirit be roused " to match the passionate fervour which has been kindled in the autocratic States. But there is a limit—even to the length of the old school tie. In an international situation which is rapidly going from bad to worse, and largely because of the British Government's " craven fears of being great " it was high time for plain speaking by some one peculiarly fitted to voice the general disgust.

Mr. Chamberlain's policy, as we anticipated, has borne only Dead Sea fruit. The mischief to which Italy and Germany have put their hands in Spain, according to the latest accounts, is increasing rather than diminishing; and owing to the unfortunate refusal of the Spanish Government to be defeated,

General Franco's masters have resorted to a campaign of aerial frightfulness, which should have removed the last shred of illusion from British supporters of the " Christian " general. Once again, moreover, the hoax of Non-Intervention has brought confusion to the established principles of international law. Attacks on British ships lying in Spanish Government ports—with non-intervention observers on board—became last month an almost daily occurrence, and protests were utterly unavailing. Now, on humanitarian grounds, it is true, it does not lie with us to censure these airmen *not* under General Franco's control for their indiscriminate bombing, when in fact every State, including our own, is preparing for just that kind of war. It is perfectly true, too, that the British merchant craft taking supplies to Spain are getting good money and know the risks of such trade. (For hard-faced Conservative business men to adopt this line of argument, however, is to say the least of it, disingenuous!) The Government's masterly inaction with regard to the registration of so many foreign merchantmen under the British flag is easily explained by the fact that all such traders constitute a very valuable addition to Great Britain's war potential.

His Majesty's Government is now on record as incapable of enforcing the restraints of international custom in an element where Britannia was popularly supposed to rule, and, incidentally, as Mr. Attlee pointed out, of " acquiescing in the kind of warfare which brought the United States into the field in the last war". No one will wish to minimize the practical difficulties. But the public remembers the Admiralty's misinformation in the spring of 1937 before " Potato Jones " called the bluff of the " blockade " of Bilbao, and will scarcely believe that the new problem is insoluble. It is the bombing of open towns, the massacre of civilians and families going about on their lawful occasions which must be countered—an *international* problem, not to be masked by mumblings about holding to Britain's policy of non-intervention. No, the serious aspect of this latest assault on civilization is that the British Government should take it lying down. M. Daladier, dealing with air interloping in Southern France, provided, be it said, a striking contrast. As with the case of the resignation of Mr. Eden, the great British Empire seems to be amenable to

blackmail, and the effect abroad is very bad indeed. To borrow Mr. Eden's veiled criticism, Mr. Chamberlain's notion of "appeasement," as construed with regard to Spain, is proving as destructive of Britain's vital interests as it is of our national reputation, and our sense of fair dealing.

Here is the gravamen of the charge against the Chamberlain "attitude"—that he should exude complacency and remain oblivious of the effect on Britain's national reputation of truckling to the dictators.* In four months he has thrown away all the good will which had been steadily built up in the United States and in Dominions by Mr. Eden. And he has failed to dispel the conviction of responsible circles in east and south-eastern Europe that they may expect no help from us and therefore they *must* hitch their wagon to the German star. There was, it is true, the check administered to Germany at the week-end of May 21st to 22nd, for which London—and Sir Nevile Henderson—deserves all credit. Even that evidence of Germany's respect for force, however, does not seem to have arrested the process of defeatism in high places. Both Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler are still pegging away at their policy of driving a wedge between this country and France, and public opinion will need to be extremely vigilant during the next few months, lest the timorous and the gullible succeed in leading the Prime Minister into the spiders' parlour. It looks as if a Four Power Pact—or five Powers to include Franco's Spain—may yet be foisted upon us, with the clumsy aid of the egregious M. Flandin—all in the good cause of excluding Red Russia from the councils of Europe. Unless, of course, the Spanish Government still continues to refuse to be defeated! One has cause to remember the warning of Lord Horne in a letter to *The Times* on the morrow of the Anglo-Italian pact that Mr. Chamberlain, whatever might happen, would be placed in such a position that he could never admit the Pact to be a fiasco.

Personally, I rejoice to see Mr. Eden publicly joining issue with those who decry a firm policy on behalf of the principle of good faith in international relations as being likely to plunge the country into war. "The very reverse is the truth." We have

* *The Times* Parliamentary Correspondent, June 15th writes: "It is thought impossible to burke the ugly fact of loss of face."

already stated the views of THE FORTNIGHTLY on the general question of external policy, and in regard to the latest campaign of murder from the air we need only subscribe to the statement of the diplomatic correspondent of *The Times* that it is "pre-Nyon piracy again which requires Nyon methods of countering it." What concerns us now is the supposed decadence of democratic Britain—and the urgent need for reaffirming our national ethos. There is surely something radically wrong with the governance of England if this misconception is abroad. And, as Mr. Eden appreciates, it *is* the current coin of discussion outside these islands, *pace* the co-optimists in parliament, and the crooning of most of the press. The remedy is not to be found certainly in any mere affirmation that Britain is not decadent! Nor will the new "boosting" committee over which Sir Robert Vansittart presides help very much. Neither the gospelling of the British Council, nor indeed the furnishing of economic aid to those countries whose trade relations place them at the mercy of the predatory, martial dictatorships will avail anything until and unless His Majesty's Government displays a real understanding of the forces at work to submerge democracy and produces a clear and determined foreign policy which can secure and deserve the support of a united nation because—and here again Mr. Eden must be quoted—it has a moral basis.

> "We must stand for something positive, something which can rally to the banner of England all men of goodwill, to whatever section of the community they may belong, to whatever political views they may subscribe."

Indeed, any diagnosis of Britain's fatal inertia must go a step further. The weakness is on the home front. Until and unless our political machine is geared up to meet the strains and stresses of twentieth-century locomotion, the fecklessness of British foreign policy is likely to continue, and we shall deserve all the hard things said about us by our candid friends abroad.

* * *

What, then, does a reconnaissance of the home front reveal? In the first place the Government had no adequate answer to the challenging speech of Mr. Dalton in the air debate on May 5th. Nor, indeed, to the demand of Mr. Churchill and his

friends for a Ministry of Supply. This is no place to discuss technicalities. What is certain is that public opinion in the country is now seriously alarmed at the revelation of our deficiencies with regard to first line planes, anti-aircraft equipment and balloon barrage, *etc.*, at the absence of proper co-ordination of manufacturers and the general administrative *laissez aller*. The evidence of past neglect is overwhelming. How air rearmament has been starved for the benefit of the other services for instance, was well brought out by Sir Arthur Salter in the second day's debate on the Budget. Details of the National Government's sins of commission and omission in this respect have been cogently set forth in a little book, *Glass Houses and Modern War* by Mr. Jonathan Griffin,* who rightly emphasizes that it is the peculiar vulnerability to air attack which has to a great extent immobilized British foreign policy, and calls for a Ministry of Home Defence to correlate the necessary measures of rehabilitation—of which Air Raid Precautions is but a small and comparatively unimportant part.

It is of home front defence in the wider, non-technical sense, however, that I would write. For neither on the Right nor on the Left of the political arena do the ranks of the party-bound appreciate, apparently, how narrow the margin is that separates us from the collapse of all that we understand by civilization. As Sir Arthur Salter said, however much we may dislike it, the situation is such that the country must contemplate the approach to ' something akin to a war economy, not business as usual, or business profits as usual, or trade union rules as usual, not even " a continuation of our customary personal liberties."' (Is there not something significant in the fact that it is left to the Independent Member for Oxford University to say what millions of ordinary citizens not caught up in the party political machinery are saying ?) That is well said. And Sir Arthur Salter will scarcely be dubbed a Fascist.

We now have the information—characteristically dragged out of an inwardly-fuming Prime Minister after Sir Thomas Inskip's indiscretion—that plans for general conscription in the event of war are all ready drawn out. We know, too, that food storage and rationing schemes are well advanced (*cf.* the report of the

* Chatto and Windus, 1938.

ood (Defence Plans) Department of the Board of Trade ublished by the Stationery Office on April 29th). So far so ood—though the arguments against compulsory military ervice on technical and psychological grounds are still weighty. But the Prime Minister admitted in the same breath that no cheme had yet been devised for industrial or non-military ervice. And he shies at the proposal for the establishment in eace-time of a supply department, comparable with the Ministry of Munitions set up during the War. In these days vhen the State machine in most European countries is in var-gear the case for a Ministry of Supply as a permanent rgan of government is overwhelming. *The Economist*, following Mr. Churchill, has admirably defined what is needed in its issue f June 4th. And, surely, some plan for the speedy allocation of ppropriate duties to every citizen is imperative. The Prime Minister's continued negative to the schemes for national egistration is frankly incomprehensible. Whether because this ountry is, strategically, no longer an island—or simply out of a nore potent realism, the younger generations of to-day—men nder forty-five—ask nothing better than to be mobilized for ational service. But it must be genuine *national* service, with o hint of sectional advantage.

Because the employers have so far shown no signs of foregoing ne substantial profits accruing from re-armament—nor indeed as the present Cabinet of quintessential 'men of property' nown any disposition to limit the profit-making incentive—the malgamated Engineering Union and similar trade union bodies re perfectly entitled to resist alterations in established workshop ractice. Mr. Chamberlain was well advised to state in the ommons that at present the Government was not seeking powers o dilute labour. But the A.E.U. could point to the facts of nemployment and short-time among skilled engineers to ubstantiate their case—which, at bottom, all the same, is otivated by political, not industrial factors.

No one will dispute that "the moulding of a democratic ystem to a war-like shape" is a very delicate matter. All the ore necessary is it to have in office a Government broad-based the people's will and possessed of the necessary executive drive' to override vested interests and sectional prejudices.

On these counts the present dispensation stands condemned It must bear its share of responsibility for the persistence o professional jealousies and the rest of the administrativ inadequacy which the Air debates revealed. Departmenta insulation is evidently still a serious shortcoming of our incom parable civil service : one and all, with the possible exceptio of the Foreign Office, the Departments have been brough up in the ' inverted Micawber ' tradition, waiting for somethin to turn down; and Parliament itself is far from being the dynami instrument of political purpose which can alone parry th onward surge of the totalitarian States.

When all is said and done, it is the political sickness of th nation which lies at the root of our trouble. Recriminatio about the past does not help, but the fact remains that th Government's majority in Parliament has been secured by fals pretences. Earl Baldwin has blandly confessed to havin deceived the electorate in the matter of his Government's rea attitude to the League of Nations and peace. But at least, a long as he was Prime Minister, the idea of the National Govern ment expressing more or less the will of the country wa plausible. It can scarcely be denied that there has been a sharp decline in the " National " stock since he gave up. In his yea of office as Head of the Government Mr. Chamberlain ha contrived to set members of the Cabinet the ears by treatin them like lower fourth-form schoolboys ; has shown himself o several occasions in Parliament for what he is—an astute narrow-visioned, class-bound party boss—and has never looke like a national figure. Indeed his *régime* is fast destroying what ever assets the ' National ' firm possessed, and with a patently conservative clique masquerading as ' National ' the usefu political fiction of 1931 cannot much longer be maintained *E finita la commedia.*

Yet there can be no going back. The ' National Government expedient was, of course, our characteristic British way o disguising the breakdown of the parliamentary machine—in it native country as almost everywhere on the Continent. Tha breakdown is still effectually concealed by the maintenance o all the traditional forms and the pomp and circumstance of th party game. The seeds of decay were planted, as it happens

om the day when three main parties fought one another at the ustings. Our particular parliamentary system requires two arties and two only. Labour enthusiasts will retort, of course, iat it is their party's destiny to take over entirely the succession f the Liberals and that the Liberal Party, by refusing to melt way, is the real obstacle to progress. Hence the long-range rategy of the high command at Transport House which sets s face sternly against a Liberal-Labour combination and indeed gainst the participation of party members in " Popular Front ctivities".

To the outsider recent pronouncements by the National xecutive of the Labour Party have been a fascinating study self-delusion. The height of *naïveté* was the reminder in the tatement of April 14th that in the Parliament of 1929 Labour as only 19 seats short of a bare majority and that, if only ie *Parteigenossen* will remain loyal and uncontaminated, a abour Government with a clear majority will soon be here. The German term comes pat to the occasion, because in this gid exclusivism Labour is emulating its opposite numbers on ie Continent, particularly Germany and Austria). Only the corrigibly party-bound, however, can focus the political tuation in this way. The party zealots will not see that the iddle-class elements whom they woo dislike not the Socialist eed but their Labourism. Ever since the late Mr. Arthur enderson stood bowing to the plaudits of the delegates at a rades Union Congress and proclaimed—" These gentlemen e our bosses "—the country has taken the measure of that rty, and, however much disillusioned about the " National " nalgam, is not at all in the mood to exchange King Log for ing Stork—to accept rule by a trade union delegacy.

Now it is not the Labour Party's fault that the thriving plant Socialism should have been grafted on to the hoary stock of ade Union organization. But a party which continues to e the House of Commons, principally, as a Rest Home for ired checkweighmen (the phrase was coined by Mr. ristopher Cadogan, a former president of the Oxford University xt Five Years Group) has no sort of appeal to the younger neration eager to go into politics. Young people under thirty oreover, can only regard as ludicrous the panic fears of the

party caucus with regard to Communism. In any case, a Lord Elton wrote in this review last January, the Labour Part has lost its political differentia. Collectivism, *i.e.*, evolutionar Socialism, is the common property of all the political parties— only the Young Liberals, in order to justify their existence, ji at any such suggestion. In regard to Socialism the real cleavag in British politics to-day is surely between those who take pragmatic view of the necessary measures of economic adjust ment—in practice, a gradual process of socialization—each cas being considered on its merits, and those who would appl abstract formulæ or are satisfied to invoke the Gospel accordin to St. Marx. There can never be any doubt as to which side th majority of Englishmen will be on, when the issue is one betwee common sense and theory. The root fallacy of the *doctrinair* —the sort of person who says ' all private ownership is wrong morally wrong in itself as well as materially bad in its results is to assume that any economic system can be tried ou arbitrarily like a political or legal experiment.

But even those who do not accept this diagnosis *a priori* o public opinion, or who do not admit that the showing of th Labour Party under its present leadership has certainly no been such as to attract the " homeless democrats " into th Labour camp, must accept the evidence of the figures. M G. D. H. Cole in his admirable little volume on *The People' Front* has demonstrated that

> " if the Labour Party, without losing a single seat that it now holds, wer successful next time in capturing every seat that the Government now hold by a majority of less than 5,000, it would gain only 135 additional seat and would still be 15 short of a bare majority."

Working-class voters on whom the Party mainly relies constitut it is true, some two-thirds of the electorate. But they are b no means all responsive to trade union discipline. And they ar very highly concentrated in certain densely-populated area about 284 constituencies. A majority in Parliament require 308 seats. For a *Labour* Party by itself the goal is unattainable And, as Mr. Cole observes, even to talk and think in electora terms at the present time is to betray that small-mindednes for which Transport House is commonly censured. There nee be no general election till 1940 and, meanwhile, if war come any such thing will be postponed indefinitely.

Of course, to assess the demand for a 'Popular Front' or a Jnited Peace Alliance in terms of Labour and Liberal party trength is to misconceive the whole issue. The impetus comes ll the time, on the contrary, from the unattached or semi-etached. Advocates of a People's Front are really trying nstinctively to re-create the conditions under which Parliament ay maintain itself as an effective institution. For when, as is ne case now, the Opposition has not the remotest chance of hanging places with the Front Bench, the proceedings of arliament, to the unprejudiced outsider, degenerate into a eaningless puppet-show. Indeed, the institution of Parliament self is in danger of being discredited unless in the near future ne whole political machine be overhauled. The dust of the aily round, naturally, blinds those who are in the thick of olitics to this gradual widening of the gulf between Parliament nd people—which in other countries has been the prelude to ascism of one kind or another. But there can be no doubt that ne political sickness from which England is suffering originates ainly in the false antithesis between 'National'—really a other of politicians arrogating to themselves a label which elongs to all—and 'Labour,' whose very name implies a ectional appeal. The vast reservoir of middle, independent-inking opinion, which in fact decides elections—it was this oating vote, nightmare of party organizers, which put the National' Government in, in 1935 as in 1931—is *de facto* isfranchised. And a mis-representative system, such as ours as become, is the negation of democracy.

What is the remedy? A People's Front? It cannot be, wing to the unfortunate associations with similar phenomena broad, which in these "ideological" days cannot be ignored. Whoever drafted the latest of the Labour Party's manifestoes as indeed recognized that a link-up with the Liberals and he stage army of the good' gets us nowhere. So Transport ouse, adroitly, passes the buck to the rebellious Conservatives, whom Mr. Eden is the symbol. Yet, from every speech he akes, it is quite clear that Anthony Eden remains what he has ways been—a Conservative. All honour to him. For the r of progress needs to be equipped with both brake and celerator. And a new alignment of political forces will come

sooner or later, when Mr. Eden's conservatism will come into its own. But that time is not yet. The situation of the world is far too critical for any party pugilistics. It is the supreme merit of Mr. Eden and his following to recognize the fact. What is needed, as a matter of urgency, is a genuine National Government—ranging from Churchill to Herbert Morrison—and it is to this emergency National Government which events are propelling us, willy-nilly. As yet, unfortunately, Mr. Morrison alone among the leaders of the Labour Party has had the courage to face up to the situation.

* * *

In 1931, primarily because of doubts—quite unwarranted—as to Britain's financial solvency, every class and every individual citizen was threatened with economic ruin. The situation was retrieved by a National rally which won the admiration of the world. To-day, in 1938, there are alas! similar doubts as to Britain's moral solvency : we have to re-win the confidence so long bestowed unstinted by the peoples of Europe and America. The recipe once again, indubitably, is a *national* one, and in the first instance a Government that can claim and secure—and deserve—national unity because it has emancipated itself from party shibboleths and outworn orthodoxies.

A BASIS FOR A SOCIAL CRUSADE

By G. D. H. Cole

A FEW weeks ago I was addressing a small private conference whose members had come together, on a basis of common faith and mutual goodwill, in order to consider what they as Christians ought to do for the betterment of the social system. There were among them Socialists and non-Socialists; and I think they had expected me, as a known Socialist, to advise them to turn unitedly to Socialism as the answer to their problem. Indeed, I had perhaps even expected to find myself, at any rate in my perorating paragraphs, offering them some such advice. But in the event I said to them something essentially different—not because my belief in Socialism as a solution has grown weak, but because, when I came face to face with this group, all wanting to do the right and decent thing, but by no means all convinced that Socialism was the answer to their problem, I did not want to set them at sixes and sevens, but rather to suggest to them something which they could all agree to be worth doing, and all set out to do together.

Probably, I should not have spoken in this way if the state of the world had been less than it was on my mind and conscience. Probably, in less troubled times, I should have felt that it was my mission to do all I could towards convincing the non-Socialists in my audience of the virtues of Socialism, in the hope of strengthening the Socialist cause. But, as matters stood, it seemed to me to matter much more that this group of exceptionally decent and honourable people should not start fighting one another at a time when there is so much manifest evil against which they can all struggle much more hopefully together. So I spoke to them, not about Capitalism and Socialism, but simply about certain inhumanities and abuses that flagrantly exist in our system as it is, and urged them for the time, instead of dividing upon the issues over which they

disagreed, to think rather of starting a united crusade against crying evils to which they were all opposed.

I want in this article to repeat the substance of what I then said. I put it forward, not as a programme for uniting the Labour and Liberal Parties, nor as any sort of party or inter-party political pronouncement, but simply on its merits as an outline of certain things needing to be done and certain of commanding the assent of decent people in any party—or in none—if only they can be made to realize the unnecessary suffering and frustration to which failure to do them condemns many thousands of their fellow-men. Of course, I do not wish to conceal my hope that, in some way, these projects may before long be translated into terms of practical politics, and our party system be so oriented as to ensure a Government that will carry them into execution. But I want, in this article, to keep as clear as I can of such issues, and to stick to plain facts and suggested remedies.

I was deeply stirred by reading *Men Without Work*—the report of a sample investigation published recently under the auspices of the Pilgrim Trust. It dealt only with the plight of the 'long unemployed'—of those who, despite the trade expansion of 1936-37, had been without employment for a year or more, and in many cases for years on end. I happened to read, almost at the same time, the latest report of Sir William Beveridge's Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee and also the report of the Unemployment Assistance Board. Blue Books are not usually moving; but these two, read in conjunction with *Men without Work*, made me realize with a shock of immediate understanding certain things needing to be done—things that decent people would surely find it intolerable to leave undone if the facts were brought effectively to their notice.

Among these facts two, I found, stood out above all the others. The first was that 'long unemployment' is not cured, but only reduced in amount, by trade revival, and that it exists to a lamentable extent in 'prosperous' places, as well as in 'depressed areas.' The second was that, despite Trade Union bargaining and the enforcement of minimum wages by Trade Boards in a large number of sweated or unorganized trades, there remain in every considerable town a large body of persons

working for wages which can by no possible stretch of imagination be regarded as living wages, and often working for intolerably long hours between their recurrent spells of unemployment.

It is all too easy to assume that, with the great growth of the social services during the past twenty years, we have at all events assured that something shall be done to improve the condition of the 'bottom dog.' But the facts revealed not only in the 'Pilgrim' report, but also in such recent Social Surveys as those of London, Merseyside and South Wales, are sufficiently disquieting. In effect, Trade Boards have done much; but their advantages have accrued mainly, not to the people lowest down in the social scale, but to those a little way above the level of sheer destitution; and, in relation to unemployment, though public assistance and unemployment assistance have done much, even under the Means Test, to make the situation of the workless more tolerable, the problem has been subtly changing its character, so that the measures designed to carry employable workers over temporary periods of unemployment turn into permanent subventions to men and women who, under the prevailing conditions of industrial technique, seem unlikely ever to find more than casual employment again. Indeed, in a good many cases, not even casual employment seems likely to be forthcoming.

Recent investigations have served to drag out into the light two special aspects of the problem of long-term unemployment. These are, first, the 'too-old-at-forty' problem, and secondly the problem of what may be called 'unemployability due to culpable social negligence'. Quite apart from the exceptional conditions prevailing in the depressed areas and in industries such as coal-mining and cotton, where a permanent shrinkage in the demand for labour has to be faced, there exists even in areas and industries which are expanding a considerable residue of workers who stand very little chance of getting back into regular work, no matter how brisk the demand for the products of industry may be. As trade improves employers in these areas and industries tend more and more, instead of re-engaging middle-aged workers, to resort to a greater mechanization of processes—so that the prospects of re-employment tend indefinitely to recede. The Pilgrim investigators

found conditions of this sort prevalent in Leicester, where total unemployment is low, as well as in the coalfields and the cotton towns. They found workers of undoubted skill and respectability living on unemployment allowances and still ranking as available for employment, even though it was plain that the changing technique and tempo of factory processes had left them high and dry. Inevitably, workers who find themselves in this unhappy condition come to regard the U.A.B. allowances as a regular source of income—subject only to the knowledge that at any time a formal verdict of ' unemployability ' may involve their transference from the U.A.B. to the alternative form of Means Test administered by the local Public Assistance Committee.

If these workers are ' unemployable,' they are not so because of any personal defect. Many of them have long records of skilled work in a single job ; and many of them are, or could be after a few weeks' re-employment, as good workers as ever they were—if only the jobs remained the same as they used to be. Some of them could doubtless adapt themselves to new techniques and to the changed pace of production—if only they were given the chance. But no employer does give them the chance ; and the longer they remain without it, the greater the difficulty of adaptation becomes. These workers are in process of being made finally unemployable by being left unemployed. They have no personal defects now ; but they will have soon, unless somebody comes to their rescue.

Side by side with these middle-aged workers with a record of steady employment behind them are younger workers who keep falling in and out of casual jobs, but appear quite incapable of holding on to any regular work. Most of these do suffer from personal defects—sometimes from definite defects of mind or body, but more often from the indefinite defect of never having learnt a regular trade or accustomed themselves to regular habits of work. They include two main groups—men who came out of the Army in 1918, after being enlisted as boys before they had learnt a regular trade ; and a younger group flung out of work by the great depression seven or eight years ago and condemned to pass the critical years of adolescence and early manhood under demoralizing conditions of idleness. Even

in towns where re-armament has driven the demand for labour up to a maximum, there remain workers of this type either still jobless or falling perpetually into and out of casual employment.

That is one aspect of the problem ; but with it I want to link another. It is nowadays often asserted that many persons prefer being out of work to finding employment because they get more in allowances under the Means Test than they can hope to earn when they are at work. This proves, it is sometimes said, that the unemployed are being too generously treated, and that allowances should be cut down and the Means Test be made more stringent in accordance with the principle of 'less eligibility,' proclaimed by the famous Poor Law Commissioners of 1834.

It is indeed obviously an unhealthy situation that an able-bodied wage-earner should be able to get more under the Means Test than he can earn for full-time work. The Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee, worried by the allegation that similar conditions existed among the unemployed in receipt of insurance benefits, recently made through the Ministry of Labour a special investigation into the facts. They found that, although on the average the benefits received by unemployed households fell very far short of normal earnings, there were numerous cases in which the relationship was reversed. But the facts revealed by the inquiry made it utterly impossible to argue that the remedy lay in reducing the rates of benefit or assistance to the unemployed. Indeed this inquiry and the 'Pilgrim' report, taken together, show plainly that the cases in which it pays a household better to be out of work than in fall mainly into two groups—the very large family group and the group in which the normal earnings are quite intolerably and indefensibly low. The Statutory Committee found adult men whose normal earnings for a full week's work were as little as 15/- or 16/-—only a few at these figures, but more and more for each shilling added, until between 20/- and 30/-, and still more between 30/- and 40/-, the numbers became large enough to constitute a really extensive social problem. The 'Pilgrim' and other investigators meanwhile discovered that the very households in which relief rates were held to be too high, because they exceeded normal earnings, were in many cases suffering from malnutrition and in receipt of incomes well below the poverty

line. It became abundantly plain that the trouble was, not that relief rates were too high, but on the contrary that normal earnings were often abominably and disastrouslv low.

To this, doubtless some readers will object that the earnings were low because the recipients of them were worth no more. But this view will not stand examination. There are indeed in the depressed industries adults who remain in employment at boys' wages because the only alternative is to become unemployed. This is true, for example, in the cotton industry of many ' piecers ' in the spinning mills whose chance of promotion to adult work as spinners has been barred by the contraction of trade ; and there are some similar instances elsewhere. But many of the most abominably low wages were found, not in depressed industries, but in flourishing and expanding occupations—in cinemas, greyhound racing tracks, retail distribution, and in minor factory trades or services outside the scope of protection under the Trade Boards Acts.

In instances of this order, it cannot be argued that the low wages are caused by exceptional depression. Nor can it really be held that they are due to the low personal quality of the recipients—though of course it is not denied that some of the recipients are of low employment value. The marked difference between Trade Board rates (which are themselves usually low in relation to rates in organised industries with strong Trade Unions) and rates in trades which are unprotected as well as unorganized is due to the existence of legal minimum rates in the one group of cases and to their absence in the other group.

Trade Boards are not enough. I believe that the Trade Board system ought to be promptly extended to cover a good many occupations at present outside its scope—above all, the entire range of distributive employment. In the distributive trades at any rate, there is now a large body of opinion among employers favourable to this step ; for the big associations of employers which have during the past year or two signed collective agreements with the Trade Unions want the conditions they have accepted made applicable to their competitors. But Trade Boards are not suitable for every type of occupation in which indefensibly bad conditions of employment exist. Many trades are too small, or too scattered, to be brought under a

Trade Board, at any rate at once; for the effective working of a Trade Board implies some degree of organization and costs some amount of money. Accordingly, other measures are needed to supplement the Trade Boards in dealing with a very large number of small and highly miscellaneous occupations.

I believe the right measure is to establish a General Minimum Wage Commission, with powers analogous to those of a Trade Board, but extending only to occupations for which no separate Board exists. This body should be empowered, after calling evidence, to fix binding minimum rates for any such occupation, and to set up, wherever it thought fit, a special Committee representing the trade (with appointed members added) to watch over the execution of these rates, and bring up at any time proposals for their amendment. Possibly the Commission should also be empowered to fix, for men, women, and children of various ages, over-riding minimum rates below which no one could be employed at all without a special permit. But, even if this power were not given, the crying scandal of excessively low wages in scattered occupations could be brought to an end, and one part of the problem of relief rates exceeding normal earnings could be quickly solved.

It took a big non-party agitation extending over a number of years to get the first Trade Boards Act passed in 1909. Since then public opinion has tended to forget about the 'sweating' problem. But 'sweating' still exists, albeit on a reduced scale; and its existence not only inflicts widespread suffering, but also helps to manufacture 'unemployables,' by creating a class of households for whom the 'dole' means better nutrition and living standards than regular employment.

A new Minimum Wage Act, then, is Part I. of my social programme.

There will remain the problem of the abnormally large families for which the Means Test offers a better standard of living than low wages which take no account of the number of dependants. Even a very moderate scheme of Family Allowances—much less expensive or extensive than the schemes usually put forward—would largely do away with this difficulty. Many persons who favour family allowances in principle have been scared off them by estimates of the cost. Why not begin

on a small scale, and then see what more can be afforded later? An adequate scheme beginning with the second, or even the third, child would be preferable to a scheme offering lower allowances for all dependent children. It would do more to raise standards of nutrition where they are at present worst, and to remove the second part of the problem of relief rates exceeding normal earnings.

A moderate scheme of Family Allowances, then, is Point II.

In many cases excessive hours of labour, as well as abominably low wages, are characteristic of the unprotected and unorganized trades. Legislation is actually in prospect to deal with the special cases of van-boys and hotel-boys who are at present working intolerably long hours. But the problem is not confined to adolescents, though it may be found among them at its worst. In organized trades collective agreements now practically always lay down a maximum working week of not more than 48 hours *at most*. The unorganized trades enjoy no such protection; nor are even Trade Boards empowered actually to fix working hours, though they can do something by fixing overtime payments for hours worked beyond a certain number. There is need for a general Hours Act, elastic up to a point in its working, but making 48 hours a week at most the maximum for unorganized trades. This is modest indeed in comparison with the 40 hours already established in the United States and New Zealand, as well as in France. But even a legal 48-hour week would do a great deal to improve conditions in the worst organized trades; for long hours and low wages go very commonly together.

An Act making the 48-hour week a general maximum for all occupations, subject to reasonable elasticity in respect of overtime, is Point III.

I come now to matters which present greater difficulty. In dealing with the middle-aged workers who have been shown in the past two years to be surplus to the demands even of a rapidly expanding labour market, we ought to make up our minds definitely between two alternatives. If we are to regard these workers as out of employment once and for all, we ought to take them out of the hands of the Unemployment Assistance Board and pension them off at a tolerable living standard,

leaving the U.A.B. to attend to its proper task of providing for workers who are really and effectively in the labour market. If, on the other hand, we are not prepared to regard the scrapping of these unfortunates as final, we ought to do something to give them a real chance of getting work. At present, we are doing neither of these things, but merely letting matters drift, though we must realize that the problem is certain to be greatly aggravated as soon as any serious new depression sets in.

The first course is obviously much the easier, and ought to be applied at any rate to the older workers in the coal and cotton trades, and perhaps throughout the depressed areas. I think, indeed, it ought to be applied, on a voluntary basis, to all workers over, say, fifty, who have had little or no employment over as long as a year. Every worker in any of these categories ought to be free to apply for a retiring pension on a tolerable living scale, on condition of not competing for any wage or salary-earning employment in the future. This condition should not prevent him from having, say, a small holding, if he is fit for it, or from doing odd jobs for payment as a worker 'on his own account.' But the whole scheme should be entirely voluntary.

Part IV., then, is a voluntary scheme of retiring pensions for workers over fifty who have been long out of work, and for workers at a lower age from certain depressed industries and areas.

I do not, however, believe that we ought to take all prolonged employment among the middle-aged as a sign of permanent unemployability. I do not believe that it is in the interest of society to accept without question the 'too-old-at-forty' practices of a growing number of employers. To do so threatens economic disaster in the future, when the effects of our falling birth-rate upon the age-composition of the people will have become much greater than they are to-day. Admittedly, remedies are not easy to find. But I should like to see the dismissal of elderly workers made subject to 'reasonable cause,' and preference for re-employment given by law to existing workers in a trade, subject only to reasonable provisions for a supply of new juvenile entrants. This would involve something on the lines already attempted in the coal industry and in schemes of decasualization at the docks. Registered

members of a trade should be absorbed before fresh labour is brought in, as long as they are personally fit for work. Moreover, I should like to see an expert inquiry into the entire problem of mechanization as affecting the employability of the older workers, in the hope that further remedies for the existing situation would emerge as a result of fuller knowledge.

Point V., then, embodies measures to check the scrapping of the older workers while they are still personally fit for work.

My last specific point relates to the younger workers, who by reason of the defects of their early training and the unfortunate experience of severe depression during their formative years, have never learnt adequately a regular trade, or formed satisfactory habits of industry. The economic loss is greater in this group than among the older workers, because each individual has a longer period of usefulness—or of inutility—before him. I hold that we ought to provide, much more extensively than is done at present, for the training and rehabilatation of workers of this type. I admire deeply the work done in the United States by President Roosevelt's Civilian Conservation Corps ; and I have urged repeatedly that we need something of the same sort here. It must be strictly on a voluntary basis ; for otherwise it will be impossible to maintain or to exact a high standard of work and conduct, and the entire project will easily degenerate into a variant of ' stone-breaking.' There must be the right to dismiss from any body of this sort the man who refuses to do his best. But a strictly voluntary scheme could, I am convinced, overcome the objections raised to " slave-camps " in certain working-class quarters, and could do an immense amount to restore to efficiency and happiness a mass of quite young victims of depression who will otherwise be a burden for the rest of their lives both to the community and to themselves and their dependents.

Point VI., then, is that, on a strictly voluntary basis, greatly extended provision should be made for the training in skilled work and for the restoration to good health and efficiency of younger workers who by reason of trade depression have so far failed to establish a satisfactory status in the labour market.

There is my six-point programme. It covers, I shall be told,

only a narrow field ; it leaves out many things that need doing ; and it is silent on a great many difficult and highly controversial issues. That is true; and I am not putting it forward as a general programme for any party or combination of parties, or as a platform on which a General Election could be fought. But I claim this for it—that there is not one word of party politics in it from beginning to end, or one thing which anyone must feel called upon to reject out of hand because it conflicts with his loyalty to a particular political party. Most of it is, in fact, plain common sense, applied directly to certain evils which everybody admits to be evils, and to be urgently in need of a remedy.

If space allowed, I could, of course, easily link up what I have said with many other questions—with the problem of malnutrition, for example, and with the need for developing further such special measures on the lines of the existing 'Milk in Schools' scheme, or the projects executed or planned by the Commissioners for the Special Areas. I have preferred to concentrate my argument upon a narrow front, with the object of demonstrating by examples that there are certain social reforms which urgently need making—and can be made without dividing decent people over the more controversial issues of ' Socialism *versus* Capitalism or ' Labour ' *versus* ' the Rest,' in a party-political sense. I have a feeling that, if decent people can but be persuaded to act together in a few things, the habit will grow, and co-operation among them will be found possible over many more. That, however, is for the future ; all I have attempted is to show that, in the special field of wages and employment, there is possible an agreed programme capable of uniting, upon immediate issues, a much larger body of opinion than will accept the leadership of any one political party.

FREEMEN OF THE PRESS?

By Kenneth Adam

WHEN the Prime Minister was entertained by the Parliamentary Press Gallery earlier in the year, he declared, amid applause, that a free Press was a precious thing, a great educator and a guardian of the people. Such unexceptionable statements are commonly on the lips of those in authority, in Parliament, in the law and in business. They are greeted, invariably and automatically, with expressions of warm approval.

It would be churlish to doubt the sincerity of those who make these public utterances, or of those who listen to them. Nevertheless, there are limitations to that freedom of the Press which, everybody agrees, is the palladium of our liberties. The public at large does not realize that they exist, and can therefore hardly be expected to worry. But to certain people in the industry, and particularly to working journalists, these restrictions appear as a serious problem, and one that is rapidly growing more serious.

The very persons, politicians and lawyers, who profess to admire and to uphold the principle of free expression may well be—and, if recent evidence is to be trusted, are—engaged in attempts to make the practice of free expression more difficult. Or, if they are business men, they may, from day to day, directly or indirectly, be bringing pressures to bear in order that the contemporary journals shall toe a line which they want to choose and to define.

Ironically, it so happened that almost immediately after the Prime Minister's speech, a judgment in a newspaper case was given in the King's Bench. This judgment, however correct it may have been legally, appeared to reinforce the trend towards the regimentation of the Press which has recently been observed.

Two months ago, a report on the present state of the British

Press was published by P.E.P. (Political and Economic Planning) an independent and non-party research organization which in the last few years has done admirable work on planning for industry. In this cool and objective array of facts, there was a most damning indictment of the ' influences,' to use their own modest word, to which the ' free ' press of Britain is at present exposed.

The moment to consider how far the Press in this country is able, and willing, to provide a complete, accurate and impartial service, seems therefore opportune.

The legal judgment in question has received considerable publicity. This may be due partly to its being an issue on which all sections of the newspaper industry, from proprietors to reporters, are united. The main features of the case, however, may be recalled.

A Stockport journalist was summoned under the Official Secrets Act for supplying his newspaper with information about a swindler working in Lancashire, which the police said he had got from a confidential circular issued to their stations. Incidentally, the circular was not marked " Confidential." The journalist refused to say where he had got the story, and he was fined by the magistrates. The appeal was dismissed by Lord Hewart and his colleagues.

Now, the Official Secrets Act was originally passed in 1889, because a member of the Foreign Office staff had given away the contents of a diplomatic document, and it was found that there was no remedy in law against him. In 1911 and 1920 it was revised. But at no time did Parliament intend it to be used against newspaper men for obtaining information in an allegedly wrongful manner. On the contrary, its main purpose, as reference to Hansard clearly proves, was to deal with spying. Lord Haldane in 1911 talked of suspicious visitors to docks and camps, of secret maps and surreptitious sketches of defences. A purpose directly prejudicial to the safety and interests of the State had to be demonstrated before conviction was possible. In 1920, the then Attorney-General, none other than Sir Gordon Hewart, re-emphasized the pre-occupation of the bill with espionage. He was asked whether it might not be used at some time in the future against journalists, and he declared with

some show of surprise and indignation that it had nothing to do with anybody except spies. That was a specific pledge.

Yet twice in the last few months the police have invoked the Act in cases which could not, by the broadest stretch of imagination, be said to involve the 'safety and interests of the State'. The first was at Hull, where a telephone operator was alleged to have supplied information to a reporter. This case was dismissed. The second was at Stockport, and the police won. There is no doubt that if it is to be interpreted in this way, the Official Secrets Act can put a stop to the legitimate gathering of news in many quarters, and make of the newspaper man, going about his routine enquiries, a potential criminal.

In the present highly competitive state of the Press, both metropolitan and provincial, a reporter is liable to be dismissed if he fails to get his story. On the other hand, if he does get it and his newspaper publishes it, he may find himself prosecuted as if he were a sinister agent of a foreign Power! It is an impossible dilemma.

Questions have been asked about the Stockport case in the House, but the replies of the Home Secretary have been evasive, and his assurance that the Act would henceforth be used only in cases of "serious public importance" is regarded as thoroughly unsatisfactory. The position is in fact worse since Sir Samuel Hoare will not consider amending the Act, and by implication, therefore, reserves the right to use it against the Press. A delegation comprehending all newspaper interests is being planned, which will wait upon the Home Secretary, and urge him to revise his decision. The National Union of Journalists are frankly alarmed, and angry. Nor are the Newspaper Proprietors' Association or the Newspaper Society un-disturbed.

The Official Secrets Act is not, of course, the only legal restriction on the Press. There are many, and they are increasing. Indeed, the tendency to promote new restrictive legislation is at least as strong as that which is placing new interpretations on existing laws. The Judicial Proceedings Act of 1926 may have been necessary, in view of the exploitation of divorce court proceedings in certain newspapers—though even now there is a division of opinion on the subject, at any rate in Fleet Street. Unfortunately, it served to whet the

appetite of the would-be "reformers," and the extension of restrictions on reporting, to certain types of police court case, notably those involving domestic and matrimonial affairs, has set many journalists, and others besides, asking where it is all to end. This new measure, the Summary Procedure (Domestic Proceedings) Act is especially dangerous because it makes legal, under certain conditions, the complete exclusion of the Press from the police courts. It is an axiom that if justice is to be properly administered, publicity must not be withheld from its proceedings. In these matrimonial cases, for instance, anyone who has worked at the press table will agree that often the very presence of the Press acts as a useful corrective to magistrates with strong, and possibly overweening, personal views.

That is not all. A considerable number of members of the present House of Commons are known to favour further restrictive legislation. They want to put a stop to the intrusion into private lives which has lately aroused some resentment. So far the Government has given them no encouragement. It would be unwise, however, to suppose that the lobbying which is still going on, is not having its effect. The initiative may be sincere, but the backers of the next attempt, which is due shortly, to get the Government to take some action will be found, I think, to include those who favour, though not at present publicly, some form of general censorship. They regard this legitimate grievance against a part of the Press, as a heaven-sent opportunity for a bill which would confer vague but elastic powers of interference.

Admittedly, the remedy, in this instance, lies with the newspapers themselves, though when one looks round and sees which of the present dailies have the greatest pecuniary success it does not seem likely that it will be applied internally.

However, the result of the present temper of Parliament, both open and covert, is that the real evil is left untouched; the amendment of the libel law must be regarded as indefinitely postponed. And it is the libel law, which is in a chaotic state, and is being interpreted with growing severity, that permits the Press to be attacked on the widest possible front, and prevents it from doing its ordinary and admitted right and duty of commenting on men and affairs. Criminal libel is not so common

in these days, though it should be remembered that the Incitement to Disaffection Act, with its scandalously open definition of seditious intention is there on the Statute Book, ready to the hand of any extreme Government, whether of the Right or Left, that desires to stifle criticism. The very real and daily concern of newspaper offices, however, is with civil libel, which has become a paradise for gold-diggers. The cases actually tried in court are many, but they are only a fraction of those that are brought. P.E.P. has calculated that seventy-five per cent of newspaper libel cases are settled by some payment out of court. The high speed of modern newspaper production makes mistakes of fact, of identity, of names, and figures, almost inevitable. Since it is unnecessary to prove any financial damage, a person affected by some such mistake, however trivially, may be encouraged by solicitors who make a speciality of going through the papers and touting for litigation, to issue a writ. If the case does go to court, the plaintiff may get ridiculously heavy damages. No standard scale exists to guide juries when they are awarding damages, and, in the absence of this, verdicts go by fashion. The fashion of juries at the moment is to soak the newspaper as thoroughly as they dare. Free criticism is consequently very limited in scope. One shudders to think what a paper employing Mr. G. B. Shaw to write musical and dramatic criticism, as he did in the nineties, would have to pay out to enraged artists at the present time! More serious than that, perhaps, is the effect of the libel law on the recognized function of the Press in exposing frauds and cheats. Any newspaper will think twice nowadays before setting out to make known to its readers a public scandal. Critical writing has become a dangerous trade. Specific comments on the progress of re-armament, for instance, and on company promotion are difficult to make with any honesty. The economic collapse in 1931 might have been prevented if City editors had been able to say what they knew was true about some of the South Sea Bubble issues of 1929.

A private member's bill is now in draft which proposes modifications in the libel law, and, in particular, brings it in line with slander, where it is necessary to prove actual damage before an action can be brought. Another proposal would

have damages settled after the verdict, before a Master in Chambers. With Parliament in its present mood, it seems extremely unlikely that time will be found for these reforms, though they would surely be in the public interest if they freed the Press from exploitation and enabled the papers to print all the news and comment required by the public interest, instead of a part.

One other legal hindrance to the liberty of the Press deserves attention, and that is the offence of contempt of court. Here again the law is very uncertain, and procedure very arbitrary, the result being that the administration of justice goes almost scotfree of criticism. Clearly, it is undesirable that cases should be tried in the papers, in advance of the trial, or that judges should be ridiculed as they can be, and are, in the United States. But it is equally undesirable that any person who is party to an action, whatever his character, can apply for a writ of attachment, and so stifle printed comment, or that when there has been contempt of a judge, the offender is left at the mercy of the judge's colleagues, and the court is thus party, judge, jury and witness in its own cause. The Lord Chief Justice himself has lately declared the need for reform in contempt of court procedure.

Events have conspired to throw the legal restrictions on the Press into a high light at the moment, but it would be wrong to ignore, even in a superficial study of this kind, the other agencies at work to keep certain kinds of comment, and even of news, out of the newspapers. They go about it more subtly, but are none the less potent. Advertisers, for instance, have a most important influence, and one, naturally, of which the reading public learns little or nothing. The P.E.P. report shows how, since they contribute half the revenue of a newspaper, they are able to exercise considerable control. Patent medicines, for instance, which collectively are more widely advertised than any other product, go unchallenged. The excessive price of toilet preparations is never hinted at. Not long ago in a national newspaper office this notice was seen :—" Memo to Sub-Editors. Don't pass anything detrimental to *bread*. To say that bread is fattening, for instance, is detrimental." A paper carrying many notices of property to sell and let will not be likely to

publish much about high rents in London, or the reasons why the rents are high. Pressure on City Editors is peculiarly acute, since a favourable and immediate reaction from speculators is of tremendous importance to promoters. The new trend towards collective advertising, by millers, brewers, the milk and coal industries and others is making the situation even more difficult. It took courage on the part of one national newspaper to break the ice this spring and be the first to publish an advertisement of the British Medical Association which drew attention to the dangers of drinking unsafe milk. The latest piece of impertinence on the part of advertising agents, to which the P.E.P. report draws attention, has been to suggest that news of the wars and rumours of wars in the world should be toned down, because it is bad for business! This kind of escapism is being pursued as a deliberate policy by part of the national press, and since it sets out to tell people what they would like to believe, it is a very popular line at the moment.

It is undoubtedly important that the Press should not, by sensational methods, contribute towards a panic, but it is even more important that in times of stress it should tell the truth, even though it be unpleasant. Suppression and denials in the so-called interest of public confidence are more common than is generally supposed. We were never told the truth, for instance, about the Mediterranean moves in 1935. Readers of newspapers in this country never realized how near we were to war with Italy then. More recently, the forecasts of Mr. Eden's resignation were repudiated in all newspapers closely connected with the Government. Yet Mr. Eden resigned. At the present time, although Government spokesmen have denied any intention of muzzling the Press criticisms of the dictator countries, influences are undoubtedly at work making it harder for Opposition papers to get news from the Foreign Office, or rather, since Mr. Chamberlain has taken control so much into his own hands, from No. 10. If this preferential treatment were extended much further, we should be in danger of approaching the position which obtains in certain Continental countries, where some newspapers, presumed to be independent, are in reality State organs.

Moreover, there is a body of opinion in the Conservative party which would like to see criticism of the Nationa

Government reduced. They use one of two arguments. One is that 'inaccurate and misleading statements' about the Government are a menace and need control from above—in the interests of democracy. The other, which was to be observed in embryo in a recent speech by Lord Halifax, is that in these times of crisis, it is essential that we should present a strong and united front to the world. In other words, the National Government is sacred, and must not be touched. The attempt to stop the B.B.C. from broadcasting any extracts from Socialist speeches in the news on Sunday night, derives from the same source.

The freedom of the Press is seen, therefore, to be a complex and everyday problem, involving many different factors. An editor must try and keep himself and his staff out of prison. He must seek to avoid lawsuits, or even the threat of them. He has to consider the prejudices of his proprietor, and give his pages the bias desired by that autocrat. He must avoid friction with important groups of readers and advertisers, because upon them circulation, and a large part of the revenue depend. He must endeavour to keep on good terms with Government departments and other important sources of news. Some distortion or suppression are inevitable under these circumstances, and seem at the moment to be on the increase. The present writer is not so afraid of Fascism or pseudo-Fascism in the British Press, however, as of the current tendency to play down to the public's preference for being told what they want to think is true rather than what is actually true. In these days, when politics and economics are so complicated, an honest and dispassionate show of news is more than ever essential. Sooner or later, if this is denied to readers, a reaction will set in, the old confidence will be found to have vanished, and the old concern for the liberty of the Press will decline.

FRANCE AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S POLICY

By Pertinax

IN the dispute which broke out, about the middle of February, between Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mr. Anthony Eden, the men responsible for the conduct of French diplomacy undoubtedly supported the line taken by the retiring Foreign Secretary. Of course, nobody in France would dream of interfering in the deliberations of the British parliament or of backing the Opposition against the responsible Government of the day. But all personal questions being set aside, there are, nowadays, problems involving the issue of peace and war which, although discussed in the last resort at Westminster, are of vital concern to the French Republic and to its people.

The fate of Europe will be determined, to a large extent, for better or for worse, by the day to day co-operation of the London and Paris cabinets. That co-operation has become one of the major elements in the shaping of international developments. It has been put to the test many times, especially in the years which followed upon the conclusion of the peace treaties, and it has survived. Great Britain and France are bound to help each other in the defence of their national territories, in execution of the Rhineland pact of Locarno as it was interpreted, following upon the re-occupation of the Rhineland by the *Reichswehr*, on March 19, 1936, and in November-December of the same year. Moreover, France has taken care to formulate her commitments towards Poland, Czecholovakia and Soviet Russia, in such a way as to make them fit in with the obligations of the British Empire, under article XVI. of the League Covenant. As far as Spain is concerned, it is a well known fact that, but for British admonition, M. Léon Blum would have lent, at the end of July and at the beginning of August, 1936, indirect assistance to the legal Government in Madrid, that he would have allowed it to buy in France arms, ammunition, aeroplanes, *etc.* The

so-called "non-intervention" policy was jointly evolved and worked out by Mr. Eden and Delbos with the assent of their respective Cabinets and Parliaments—mainly at the bidding of Downing Street. Therefore, whenever one party to that close and continuous system of co-operation suddenly changes its mind, its mode of action or its way of approach to the problems which, for so long, have been dealt with in common, the other party is necessarily affected.

Once more, let it be said that we French, have no business to argue the case of the Foreign Secretary against the head of the Cabinet. But we are entitled, and none need to feel offended for it, to pass judgment upon the political conception which went under in Downing Street on the 20th of February and the diplomatic doctrine which was substituted for it. Four months have elapsed since Lord Halifax was appointed to the Foreign Office, and effective authority as to the guidance of British diplomacy was transferred from one side of Downing Street to the other. By what kind of balance-sheet are we confronted ?

On the 11th of March, Austria was summarily incorporated in the German Reich and is now placed under a *Statthalter* who himself is completely dependent upon Herr Burckel, a direct appointee and delegate of the *Führer*. At one single stroke, important clauses of the peace treaties were trampled upon and a *régime* of terror was set up against the social classes connected with the old government and against the Jews. It is now culminating in wholesale plundering of private properties. The French Government had warned London, as early as last January, against the forthcoming catastrophe and proposed to resort to any action that might become advisable to uphold international law, provided that the British Government should promise to follow suit. On the 16th of February, M. Corbin was instructed to suggest that a joint Franco-British declaration should be forwarded to the German Government, whereby both France and England would express their resolve to see to it that the treaties should be observed. Mr. Eden had answered that, personally, he approved of that step but would have to refer the whole matter to the Cabinet. In such circumstances, Mr. Eden's resignation was interpreted in Berlin as a signal that there was no longer any obstacle in the path of the German

offensive and that it could safely be launched. On the 11th of March, Herr von Ribbentrop happened to be in London to present his letters of recall (a rite long discarded whenever an ambassador or minister in a foreign capital is promoted Minister of Foreign Affairs) and he was actually being entertained to lunch in 10 Downing Street at the very moment when ultimatum upon ultimatum was being fired at Herr von Schuschnigg. There is reason to believe that, during the whole of the afternoon, the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary kept on telling the Austrian Chancellor that a friendly arrangement could be negotiated in order to confirm the independence of the country and that all preparation for armed resistance ought to be discouraged. By 9 p.m. on the same day it dawned upon them that Herr von Ribbentrop had not accurately described the situation to them, and they hastened to lodge a protest in Berlin, in conjunction with the French Government, which had waited the whole afternoon for their decision. Thus, Herr Hitler did not experience any real difficulty in suppressing the small Austrian Republic. As the direct outcome of that event, the strategic situation of Czechoslovakia has been very much worsened. In addition, the impetus given to the Pan-Germanist movement has brought upon that nation the deadly menace which was nearly translated into an attack on the 21st and the 22nd of May; to ward it off, Great Britain, labouring under the fear that French mobilization might speedily answer German mobilization in execution of the Franco-Czechoslovak treaty of 1925 and that the mechanism of war would be automatically set in motion, had to send to Sir Nevile Henderson, the selfsame firm instructions from which she had recoiled, two months earlier, in the case of Austria. In that emergency, Mr. Neville Chamberlain acted swiftly and decisively. On all hands, tribute is being paid to his courage. He has faithfully conformed with the programme he had unfolded on the 24th of March, and upon which he had agreed with MM. Daladier and Bonnet on the 29th of April.

But the fact remains that the new policy initiated in February is largely responsible for the international crisis which broke out in May. And we are not at the end of the tale. The apologetic attitude taken up, of late, by too many influential people in

London and in Paris (we are not disposed to lay to the door of Great Britain the blame for all untoward developments, and the French Government, we do not deny it, has its ample share in the common guilt) may cause, before long, among the German rulers, a new outburst of the aggressive spirit. For the sake of peace, it ought to be made clear, once for all, that the Western Powers are determined not to give the Hitlerian *Reich* a free hand in Central and Eastern Europe—for the simple reason that it would find, there, all the elements of an economic ascendancy upon which, very soon, an irresistible military preponderance could be built.

But it is mainly towards the improvement of the relations of the Western Powers with Italy that Mr. Chamberlain's experiment has been directed. The theory upon which British diplomacy (as conducted from 10, Downing Street) has endeavoured to work is that Signor Mussolini was caught unaware by the Berchtesgaden meeting of February 12th, that he keenly resented the brutal annexation of Austria, that he is afraid of the expansion of the German power in the Danubian area and that, to keep it within bounds, he wishes to enlist the good will of Great Britain and France, after a long period of estrangement and violent polemics ; that, as a consequence, so as to make it easier for him to retrace his steps and loosen his connection with Adolf Hitler, he ought to be given the opportunity to record a diplomatic success of which he could boast. Hence the idea to concede to him the *de jure* recognition of the newly-created Italian Empire.

That it may be advisable to close the Abyssinian account after the succession of failures suffered by the French and British diplomacy, nobody will seriously deny. But Mr. Chamberlain himself had to admit that the Fascist Government to reap that material and moral benefit, would have, beforehand, to withdraw from its Spanish venture, to give up an undertaking which, under the pretext of putting a stop to the spread of Bolshevism, can only be described as a lateral attack upon British and French lines of communication across the Mediterranean and, in particular, a threat hanging upon the mobilization of the French Army which, whenever put on a war footing, must draw 800,000 men from Northern and Western

Africa. It was therefore agreed that the date for the putting in force of the treaty should not be appointed until a "Spanish settlement" should have been framed. In a Spanish settlement must be found the crucial test of Italy's dispositions towards Germany and towards the Western Powers. Well, so far, that test has yielded results that can only be called negative.

The Anglo-Italian treaty was signed on the 16th of April. At that time, the armies of General Franco were triumphantly advancing to the eastern seaboard, and the complete rout of the Barcelona Republic appeared to be a matter of weeks. Thus, after all, the putting of Italy to the test could partially be avoided. The time that would elapse before the Nationalist cause finally prevailed on the battlefield was likely to be too short to allow of the previous enforcement of the British plan for the withdrawal of "volunteers" and war material, adopted by the London Committee of Non-intervention as early as last November. The assurance given to Lord Perth by Count Ciano (and deemed satisfactory in London) reflected that state of affairs. Count Ciano wrote to the effect that his Government would carry out the British plan and, at any rate, recall its men from the Iberian peninsula, once the victory of the Burgos Government had been achieved, a rather double-edged formula; it ought to have been realized from the first that this would simply supply the Duce with a seemingly valid excuse not to play his part under the British plan. To-day, indeed, we are faced by it. The resistance of Republican Spain has been strengthened and, recently, a British authority present on the spot communicated to the Foreign Office that there was a possibility of the civil war dragging on for another year. But Signor Mussolini considers that the whole Anglo-Italian treaty is built on the assumption that the Nationalists would win and, against the French Government whom he accuses of having let supplies pass through the Pyrenees to Barcelona, he claims what amounts, in practice, to the monopoly of intervention. It can be guessed that at the most he will execute the British plan only in so far as it would work to the advantage of his Spanish friends, that he will bring back from Spain just as many "volunteers" as will be required to secure the closing of the Pyrenean frontier and the granting of the status of belligerency

to the Nationalist authorities—that status of belligerency involving the right to establish a blockade upon the high seas, and he will bargain very hard in London about that whole range of subjects. It is a pity, in those circumstances, that Mr. Chamberlain should not have been willing to define, at the beginning of the *pourparlers*, what he understood by the expression "a Spanish settlement." Obviously, he has chosen to leave the term very elastic and open to all kinds of arbitrary definitions so as not to make the "test" more rigid than what Italian designs could endure.

But another side of the Anglo-Italian treaty is still more disturbing to the mind. Up till now the Italian dictator has not evinced the faintest tendency to relax his ties with Hitlerian Germany. The speeches exchanged between him and his guest, during the latter's visit to Rome, in the first week of May, and his subsequent oration of the 14th of May, as well as Count Ciano's pronouncement of June 3rd, have dispelled all the illusions that obtained in London and in Paris about Italy's reluctance to comply with Pan-Germanist schemes in Central Europe. It can even be argued that the disappearance of Austria, far from alienating Italy from Germany, has welded both countries very intimately together. The Anglo-Italian treaty has failed in its main purpose—and it may be questioned whether it was wise that Lord Perth, in his talks with Count Ciano, last March and April, did not even dare to hazard the most timid query about Italy's future line of conduct on the Continent, as it is unreasonable to suppose that an all-round pacification could be obtained in the Mediterranean while, in Europe proper, international strife is not lessened. But Signor Mussolini tries to get from the pact with England more than the weakening of British reluctance to endorse his policy. He wants to use it as a wedge to be driven between France and England. Thus, he would increase the services rendered to the common cause of the two great revolutionary Powers on the international plane, and possibly his share in the gain of the Italo-German consortium would be correspondingly increased.

Last February, when the Paris Cabinet heard of the new orientation taken by British policy, it resolved at once to fall into line. It was intimated to London that France was ready

to join in the negotiations with Rome. Mr. Chamberlain approved of the French request, but it goes without saying that the suggestion was curtly rejected by Signor Mussolini and Count Ciano. In March, 1938, a tripartite negotiation did not appeal to them more strongly than in October, 1937. The French Government was told that the most practical course would be that a bilateral Franco-Italian negotiation should be started in the wake of the *pourparlers* between London and Rome. To make sure that Italy should not, in fact, be left at liberty to come to an arrangement with Great Britain and leave France in the cold, the Quai d'Orsay attempted then to secure from the Foreign Office the promise that no Anglo-Italian settlement should be regarded valid unless supplemented by a Franco-Italian settlement on parallel lines. That promise was not given, and while the chronic press campaign against Great Britain has been discontinued the newspapers are still firing broadsides against France. The French memorandum, surveying the field to be covered in the prospective Franco-Italian negotiation, which was handed in to Count Ciano on the 11th of May, has not been answered to this day. France is being told that, as a preliminary condition, she is expected to facilitate the victory of the anti-Bolshevik forces in Spain. At the time these lines are being written, British diplomacy, under the pressure of the aerial blockade of the Spanish eastern coasts, insists that the Pyrenean frontier should be closed at once, even before the debate in the London Committee has led to an understanding about the British plan. But will Mr. Chamberlain accept to fix a date for the enforcement of the Anglo-Italian treaty before Italy has revised her hostile policy towards the French Republic?

The situation has not improved. The Western Powers are perhaps right to play for time, provided that while they increase their armaments, they do not allow strategic and economic positions to fall under the hold of Germany and Italy which would be more than a set-off to the Franco-British increment of military strength. When the fate of Czechoslovakia was in jeopardy, the British Cabinet bravely rescued the cause of general peace. But more than one isolated reaction is needed to set things right on the Continent.

WILD GEESE

By Richard Perry

HUNDREDS of miles of green sea-walls cut off the hungry sea from three-quarters of her rightful heritage. Behind these walls are leagues and leagues of brown potato-fields, where the Pink-footed Geese and the heavy Mallard Ducks love to guzzle on the mushy potatoes left from the lifting. But still there are acres and acres of saltings, over whose splendid creek-cut grazing, sheep browse in the winter and fat cattle in the summer, where no men go but herdsmen and stockmen and occasional wildfowlers. And yet more acres and acres of bare mud-flats where thousands upon thousands of golden-crested Wigeon feed upon the green *Zostera* waving in an ebbing tide. Out here on the sand-banks the Geese love to rest, a mile away from man, their only enemy. This world belongs to them and to the wildfowler gliding silently down with the tide in his long grey punt, or lying out in his coffin-box hide sunk in the mud. No other men venture on to these wastes, where the mud is soft and the channels of the sea constantly shifting.

Out here it is the moon and the tides and the winds that count; more often than not it is intolerably dreary to the spirit and numbing to the body; but I forget the hardships in retrospect, and remember only the shimmering mud I have seen stained with the crimson of frosty dawns and the orange of stormy sunsets, and the exquisite beauty of a silver moon rippling in a broad swathe over the wavy *sastrugi* of the sands where the giant Curlew 'bubble': these memories all the dearer for the rough-edge of bitter nights and freezing waters. To this wilderness a man, once venturing, must always return, just as those who have lived and worked with the shepherds in the mountains must always return to the Highlands. To these lands of infinite solitude there come, from Iceland and Spitzbergen, from the arctic islands and the vast Siberian

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tundras, the grandest of all sporting birds—wild geese : four species of Grey geese and two of Black to the fresh-marshes and saltings, mudflats and estuarine meadows.

The coming of the geese and duck over the North Sea to the British Isles must always be the supreme moment of the Nature year—sometimes thousands of feet up, at others only a hundred or two : now a thin black line, now a dense black cloud athwart a red sunset over the black rounded ridges of the Cheviot Hills. The little black Brent geese fly most often in line, less often in a shallow and irregular V, in slow easy flight, long wings decurved, with high metallic calls. Barnacles come in on the same line of flight, to drop on to the mud-banks, with a holding back of dusky body against curving black wings : to watch awhile in characteristically upright attitude, and then to walk fast and easily down to the creek for the blessed drink and bathe.

But finest are the Grey geese, nearly all Pinkfeet, beating up slow and heavy against the gale, their formation changing from second to second, from line to chevron, and from chevron to double chevron, and back into wavering line again. They pass low over the brown cliffs—their pink bills and legs and snowy tails wonderfully bright in the fitful sun, their heads, by some trick of lighting, deep blue, and the plumage of some so dark as to seem a steely grey-black—maintaining the while the clamorous clangour of young hounds in full cry : a musical and lovely diapason that rises and falls and is lost and heard again at the fitful whim of the gale. They do not drop down to the wide Northumbrian mud-flats, but carry on steadily north-west, shortly to bear south-west to their sanctuary on the Solway, where many miles of salt-marshes split England from Scotland : the Solway ' merses.'

At the head of the Solway a triangular salt-marsh, a mile broad at its base, juts out two miles on to the illimitable sands and mud-flats of the estuary ; at its apex two famous salmon rivers conjoin, uniting England with Scotland. At spring tides the salt-marsh is covered, impregnating the grass with the salinity that makes it the finest grazing land in the country for a thousand fat cattle in the summer and two thousand furry, brown, yearling Herdwick sheep from the Cumberland Hills in the winter—tiny Spanish ancestors of all British sheep—and,

above all, for the geese, who love its flavour, even more than juicy corn and mushy potatoes, for which they barter their lives in all other parts of the British Isles.

Down there a wildfowler sits in his lonely cottage, oiling his gun in the yellow light of guttering lamp, after the evening's duck flighting. A Labrador stretched out on the rush mat before the range, raises its head, suddenly alert, whines and wags its tail. The fowler considers it speculatively, and then, his eyes turning to the much-thumbed calendar on the wall, lays his gun on the table, and lounges over to the door.

It is the full moon and wonderfully silent on the marshes, such sounds as there are seeming only an expected part of the silence : the lapping of ebbing tide-water in the creek, the constant splashing of great lumps of mud caving into undermining channels, the harsh, explosive *watch* of a wary old Heron disturbed at his night's eel-fishing under the moon, the quavering of Curlew and intermittent ' laughing ' of Gulls roosting on the sand-banks ; all about are plashings and callings of the Duck at their feeding-pools : *chockaw-r-r* and *wr-ee-oo* of Wigeon, bleating and piping of little Teal, and noisy guzzling of Mallard in the slushy marges of a pool.

But all these sounds he has heard a thousand times before, and he turns to go in. The dog at his side growls throatily and wags its tail again, so that the man stands poised in his stride, listening intently, inwardly cursing the noisy waders, aware of the thudding of his heart. At length he looks up at the skies beneath shading hands : from somewhere high up in the heavens there drops faintly to his ears a *gug-gug-gug*. Athwart the face of the moon is etched a dark irregular skein of arrow-heads—the Grey Geese have come back.

From the North-East they gaggle down the line of the Cheviot Hills, with the fading of the moon. Night and day, for three days they pass high over the village : their metallic, staccato cries sounding clearly long before a man can pick them up with the eye : *Gug-gug | gug-gug-gug | queek | queek-queek | quick-quick-quick-quick|quank-quank|gug*—strong, virile, musical calls that set my blood racing at their first hearing each succeeding year, as no other sound can, but the wing-music of wild swans. All hours of the twenty-four the geese are dropping in to the marsh

in their fives and tens, twenties and hundreds, and even two hundreds: increasing by a thousand a day for the first three days, and then more gradually for another three or four weeks up to seven or ten thousand. Lying out on the marsh, each year I seldom see them coming from any great distance: first warning of their return is that faint *gug/gug-gug* sounding very clearly yet elusively out of the silent heavens, and after a minute or two I may pick up the skein against the blue sky, or it may elude me until right overhead. Nearly all the geese end their long flight by gliding, with never a beat of broad wings, from a mile or so distant of the marsh, at a thousand or more feet, in no regular formation: most often in continually shifting V's sometimes in line, less often in single file: individuals *gug-gugging* repeatedly. A very fine sight it is to see the perfect unhurried, even tenour of their long wing-silent, downward glide. Some rocket down with a leaf-like falling: a fantastic motion that has none of the mad abandon of the ecstatic twirling stooping to their feeding-grounds at the hour of the full moon—they are tired, thirsty, and hungry—the glide is unbroken until the newcomers sail, like giant Mallard duck, into their fellows on convex wings, legs wide apart pushed forward in braking to hover, finally, with quick-fanning wings, before alighting buoyantly.

In these first days the Pinkfeet are very restless, constantly getting up in a swirling babel of din, and gaggling round the adjacent fields and hills, undecided where to feed, suspicious of all life and unfamiliar movement. They sound constantly the warning *ge-ge-ge-ge-ge*, and the sudden alarm: a querulous *gar-gar-gar*—sure signal to every gunner hiding his white face that he has been discovered. So shy, the geese, at this time, feed in the dim light of the early morning and evening, and when not prowling the sky in noisy, uneasy little gaggles, pass the day right out at the low-tide-line on the wide sands, where it is impossible to approach them within a quarter of a mile.

Wild geese have comparatively poor sight, very poor in a dim light—or, rather, a man is for them a mildly suspicious, but not actively dangerous, object until viewed at very close range—and to voices and sounds they are quite indifferent; but their scenting powers are acute; they are quick to take warning

from other birds, such as herons which invariably manage to get themselves in between you and the geese; and, strongest defence of all, they have a still more acute telepathic awareness of any foreign, and therefore inherently dangerous, element entering their accustomed environment. I may crawl after geese upwind along an amply concealing creek, guided by their noisy chatter, to halt eventually beneath the brow-edge a few yards from them: for half a minute I do nothing, and then, just as I am preparing to raise my head cautiously between the two lumps of turf placed on the brow-edge a previous day, there comes suddenly that damnably infuriating sound one gets to know so well chasing geese: the stiff-quilled swishing rattling of three thousand broad wings beating furiously, as grey wave after wave of grazing Pinkfeet break suddenly away from the creek into mysteriously alarmed flight, with a mighty metallic baying, that still comes faintly to me when they pitch a mile away on the wide sands; for it is always to the safe harbourage of the estuary that they retreat when disturbed and all I have seen of geese that day is the sudden upward tautening of pale bellies coloured by the setting sun and pink legs stretched back beneath snowy tails double-chevroned in brown.

Walk athwart and in full view of the geese, and they may tolerate you without undue suspicion up to one hundred and fifty yards; crawl on your belly and you may approach them to forty or even thirty yards; but vanish suddenly into a creek, and, before you have crawled up the other side, they are up and away: their delicately attuned sensibilities of you, as an object to which they were slowly becoming accustomed, suddenly upset by your disappearance.

Lying out there alone, in the middle of thousands of acres of salting and mud-flat, listening to the far, metallic *gug-gug* of Pinkfeet and the deeper clanging cries of scattered Grey Lags, I sense momentarily the supreme thrill of wild geese, that makes one ever ready to endure hours of hellish wind, numbed by the half-frozen water of some slimy creek, for a mere sight of them a couple of hundred yards distant.

Geese, like other animals, enjoy certain physical sensations, and one is to feel the incoming tide swirling higher and higher about their webs and legs. For such large birds, their webs

are exceedingly sensitive, and they dislike feeding on stubble and potato fields when the ground is frozen, the hard, irregular crust and furrow jarring their feet : it is at such seasons that they tend to be especially faithful to their marsh grazing grounds. Examining the webs of young Grey geese, it is always astonishing to see how pinkly translucent and uncalloused these are. The tide flowing swiftly over the sand-banks provides an exquisite sensation when it coldly tickles their feet, and they will stay out on the banks until actually swimming. Previous to the coming of the tide the geese have been resting : that is to say most of them have been standing on one leg with their heads tucked back in their scapulars ; but there are always some geese on the move : dibbling in the mud like shelduck, flapping their broad wings like farmyard cocks, preening, luxuriously spreading broad grey, white-flecked, wings over bright puce legs—a delicious motion—flipping a few feet up into the air with supple pinions, and constantly uttering their sharp, staccato cries.

With the flowing of the tide, the excitement becomes intense, and punctuated individual calls swell into a sudden colossal clangour that sweeps me up and leaves me helpless at its magnitude of sound—its babel of baying din ; gradually this dies down to an extraordinary, but wholly satisfying, deep humming, signifying their complete contentment : a remarkable sound, comparatively rarely heard, save at such moments, or when, momentarily unsuspicious, all the thousands are grazing to their heart's content—particularly when they are feeding by moonlight. It is as if, there being no bees here, the geese are replacing them, for, if I shut my eyes, my impression is of the droning of innumerable gigantic bumble-bees. Ever and again the even hum rises into quarrelling crescendo, when one may see a little swarm of geese running at each other, with snaking necks, or outstretched, poker-stiff, with hissing bills. Everywhere there is movement : swimming, bathing, dabbling, drinking, walking down to the water—erect, graceful, easily—walking up from the water, walking to and fro—I am conscious of being in the presence of intense social aliveness. At such moments of revelation—for not often does one observe at close range several thousand geese entirely unsuspicious—I hear strange, intimate, unexpected sounds : a very metallic, high-

pitched *gee-gee*, a plaintive wader's whistle, and high-pitched conversational noises : the *chuck-chuck* of chicks, the gobbling of turkeys, and, indeed, a whole gamut of farmyard and anserine modulations, uttered apparently with closed bills, which is no doubt responsible for the far-carrying powers of goose calls. When the tide begins to ebb, the geese begin to fly or walk up to feed on the marsh. One lot after another at irregular intervals, it is an hour before the sands are finally bare.

Among the chocolate-necked Pinkfeet nearest me, I am suddenly aware of a single Grey Lag, his long flesh-yellow beak most obvious among the stubby, vinaceous beaks of his companions, his long flat head making one straight line with his beak, very noticeable among the thin conical heads of his companions. By the working of his beak he is clearly—stimulated by his noisy fellows—chattering querulously. He prowls backwards and forwards unceasingly, being chivvied a little. With such well-shaped, graceful companions he seems an ugly, ill-shaped, ponderous bird—which is a gross libel. And then, of course, there is the inevitable white Pinkfoot. Most really large gagglings of Pinkfeet seem to include a white goose in their midst. They are not really white, more a very pale buff, conspicuous from their fellows at a great distance. My particular white goose, living on very good terms with his neighbours, is a gander, who has appeared in his winter territories for three or four seasons now. Once, when the grazing thousands had taken to sudden flight, with a thunderous roar of wings, leaving behind them the inevitable small gaggle of fifty odd geese hardly disturbed by the mass retreat of their fellows, I found that I was looking at, of all unexpected geese, a Barnacle! —a single Black Barnacle among all these thousands of Grey Geese! Busily cropping like his companions, his intense velvet-black neck was in strong and lovely contrast to snowy white cheeks, the rest of his plumage beautifully vermiculated in various shades of grey and white. On another occasion, when the Pinkfeet rose from the sandy marsh below the marsh proper they left behind them three little Black Brents, who had deserted the succulent Wigeon-grass on the mud-flats to graze at this short sandy grass.

The truth of the matter is that two generations ago there

were no Pinkfeet on this part of the Solway: it was the sanctuary of the black and white Barnacles barking cheerfully in the moonlight around every clump of samphire or short grass, and the heavy Grey Lags—England's own geese, still nesting on remote Scottish moors and in the Highlands—in their fives and dozens: silent, peace-loving, ponderous. But, to-day, the noisy restless, aggressive, gregarious Pinkfeet, pushing ever further West, like all adaptable, successful species, crowd out their Black and Grey relatives, who retreat steadily westwards. Here the Pinkfeet have found the most splendid sanctuary in the British Isles. Thirty or forty thousand Pinkfeet winter in the British Isles, fifteen or twenty thousand White-fronted geese, an occasional Bean goose, some thousands of widely scattered Grey Lags, many thousand Brent, and a few thousand rapidly diminishing Barnacle.

The great fresh-marshes of Holkham and Wells, and the estuarine meadows margining the river Severn; the estuary of the Blackwater; the great harbour of Portsmouth; the wide mud slakes between windswept Holy Island and the bleak coast of Northumberland; the winding estuary of the Solway; the Hebrides; and the north-east coast of Ireland: these are the traditional grounds of the wild geese. They are, too, among the few remaining parts of the British Isles, where a man may go out to absolute solitude.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA AND HER FUTURE

By Elizabeth Wiskemann

THERE are about seven-and-a-half million Czechs. They are a people of undemonstrative determination who have overcome the most astonishing obstacles; they do not expect life to be easy. They have used what they have learned from the Germans to become without doubt the most efficient Slav nation. They are so obstinately democratic that, unlike the Poles and the Yugoslavs, the people as a whole are still dominant as against political cliques which might impose a pseudo-authoritarianism upon them. This has certainly been demonstrated by recent events.

The effect of the week-end May 20-22 upon the Czechs was tremendous. Their mobilization had operated more precisely and more rapidly than they themselves had thought possible. The morale of the Czech soldiers was shown to be excellent, for they had believed that war was actually upon them. It was clear that the Czech people was whole-heartedly with its Generals and its more democratic and courageous political leaders as against the Agrarians dominant in the Cabinet. In the recent communal elections the Agrarians, and particularly the groups even further to the right, certainly lost ground in the Czech districts. Everywhere the Czech National Socialists, the party associated with President Benesh and with the policy of resisting German pressure, gained; in Prague the Communist vote increased, thus registering primarily a traditional Russophile sentiment, which has been reinforced by the friendly messages of the Moscow wireless.

The Czechs, however, constitute only about half the population of the Czechoslovak Republic, in which the existence of the Slovaks and Sudeten Germans, the former numbering about two-and-a-half million, the latter approaching to three-and-a-half million, creates two major problems. Both questions are

complicated by the very close relation of the Czechs to the Slovaks on the one hand and the Sudeten Germans on the other. It is misleading to suggest that these groups of people can be easily distinguished from one another either racially or territorially. The Czechs and the Slovaks speak almost the same language—they understand one another without any difficulty. Though divided by history they have long had the closest cultural ties, and, in the days when Slovakia still belonged to Hungary, enterprising Slovaks gravitated towards Czech circles such as that of the friends and pupils of Professor Masaryk. Since the war the younger and more vigorous Slovaks have willingly co-operated with the Czechs. It will, however, be generally agreed that the Czechoslovak Republic has been too rigidly centralized up to the present, and the more conservative Slovaks condemned this centralization as a breach of the Pittsburgh Agreement of June, 1918, between the Czech and Slovak leaders who were then in America.

The Pittsburgh Agreement has just been brought to Slovakia by American Slovaks, and its twentieth anniversary is being made into the occasion of a more definitely worked-out demand for the complete autonomy of Slovakia. This demand, evidently instigated by Sudeten German opposition to Prague, is made by the Slovak Autonomist party which is represented in the German and Sudeten German, in the Polish, and in the Hungarian press as competent to speak for all Slovaks. Now the Slovak autonomists, led by the venerable Father Hlinka, represent the mystical or obscurantist elements among the devout Slovak peasantry, which dislikes the rationalism of the Czechs. But, the local elections have brought the Slovak autonomists no noticeable gains, and they are certainly supported, at the most generous estimate, by less than half of the Slovaks. At Whitsun rival demonstrations were held at Bratislava, the capital of Slovakia, and the Slovak Ministers, Dr. Hodza and Dr. Dérer, protested vigorously against the "totalitarian" claims of the Hlinka party. It is true that the Slovak peasants in the remoter parts of the country are indifferent to the German threat to the Czechs because it is too far away from them, and it is true that they feel friendly towards the Poles and therefore hostile towards Russia. But while a good half of the Slovaks

are supporters of Czechoslovak unity, even the most conservative of them have less to-day to divide them from Prague than ever before. Slovak officials have been steadily increasing—indeed it is they who are often most intransigent in their attitude to the Magyar minority. Further, the danger from German National Socialism has healed the breach between the Czech democratic parties and the Czech Clericals. Indeed Czech anti-clericalism is ceasing to count very much, and so one of the most serious obstacles to willing co-operation between the Czechs and the Slovaks disappears. The Slovak question is dangerous to Czechoslovakia only to the extent that German, Polish and Hungarian influences are able to exploit inessential, if much resented, grievances.

Between the Czechs and the Sudeten Germans, who live with them in the western provinces of the Republic, the differences are much more evident. Yet they are divided rather by language than by race, for, just as Herr Henlein's mother seems to have been Czech, so Dr. Krofta comes from a German family named Kraft. Indeed until after the war, the less politically minded in Moravia, for instance, were more eager to declare themselves Moravian than to insist upon their Czech or their German descent. Geographical, and therefore economic, ties at any rate bind the Czechs and Sudeten Germans, however unwillingly, together. The language frontier between them is often either inconsequent, as in the case of the German town of Troppa, which is encircled by Czech villages, or blurred, as in the case of the ligmite areas, or in towns like Lobositz or Prachatitz where the population is about half-and-half. There are also problems like that of the 60,000 Germans who live in the 80% Czech town of Brno. In general it is true to say that the industrial German districts of Northern Bohemia depend for their food supplies upon the Czech interior of the province.

The Sudeten Germans have a long tradition of fiery racial chauvinism behind them ; it was inevitable that the triumph of Hitler in Germany in 1933 should have aroused all their anti-Czech sentiment. They had been Austrians themselves until 1918, and when Hitler descended upon Austria in March, 1938, their pro-Nazi enthusiasm overflowed. Since 1933 they have

lived upon rumours that Hitler is coming, and since March 13th they have expected him hourly. The pressure which Herr Henlein's *Sudetendeutsche Partei* (S. d. P.) has therefore been able to put upon all Sudeten Germans who have doubted the perfection of the Third Reich is difficult for those who do not live on the borders of Germany to comprehend. Most of the Sudeten German employers have long been Henleinist, and their Socialist employees are dismissed or threatened with dismissal if they fail to join the S. d. P. and attend its demonstrations. They are mocked at as traitors to their race who will be hanged or locked up the moment Hitler comes, and this moment—among so many rumours and with the German frontier often only a few miles away—is always at hand. Once they have joined the S. d. P. simple people mostly feel bound to vote for it.

The pressure upon the middle classes is just as great. The moderate President of the Sudeten German *Hauptverband der Industrie* has been replaced by an enthusiastic admirer of the German *régime*. In the German University at Prague, among both professors and students, there is a noticeable boycott of those who stand out. In a town like Brno, where the Germans have liberal traditions, old firms have dismissed their Jewish collaborators because their close ties with Vienna would otherwise be broken. Everywhere one comes across people who condemn and deplore the power and the tenets of German National Socialism but who, since last March, have felt compelled to join the S. d. P.

These things have occurred in Czechoslovakia; it is not surprising that the Czechs and the German Social Democrats, the only German political party which still stands out against the S. d. P., were becoming indignant against the defeatism of a Government which allowed Nazi pressure so much play. For the Czech State Police had been instructed to ignore Nazi saluting in the streets and S. d. P. behaviour which was wholly incompatible with the laws of the Czechoslovak Republic. Before the elections which were to begin on May 22nd, the tension increased. The slightest assertion of the power of the Czechoslovak State was denounced by the S. d. P. and by the German wireless as provocative to the Sudeten Germans. The S. d. P. based their communal election campaign upon

plebiscitary slogans such as "The German votes for us." In certain Sudeten German towns the S. d. P. youths had instruction, to man the public buildings on May 21st, and they themselves were certainly convinced that a Reich German invasion to "protect their freedom" was intended. What was their amazement when they woke on the morning of May 21st, to find not German but Czechoslovak troops marching through on their way to frontier posts. In Reichenberg many discarded S. d. P. badges were found thrown hastily away in the streets, and German youths removed their riding boots—notorious emblems of Nazidom—and ran home in stockinged feet.

In general the appearance of the Czechoslovak troops did something to re-establish the authority of the State and brought home to the Sudeten Germans that their homes might at any moment become the scene of actual war, not merely, as they had been led to believe, of a German triumphal procession. There is little evidence that the troops behaved provocatively anywhere; on the contrary provocative songs and comments and actions seem mostly to have been started by Sudeten Germans. Of course, the Czech youths have hit back once or twice, and they sing their own songs which are as unflattering to Herr Hitler as the S. d. P. songs are enthusiastic. At a time of mobilization the Czech frontier guard near Eger was bound to shoot at the two Germans who refused to obey his order to halt. This incident, and the general situation, naturally hardened the feeling between the Henleinist Germans on the one side and the Czechs and democratic Germans, who privately welcomed the troops, on the other. Voting on that Sunday and the next two was carried through with correctness and secrecy, but the majority of the German population certainly resented the proximity of the soldiers as an intimidating circumstance. On the other hand the S. d. P. scored no remarkable gains; in spite of the pressure exerted it can only claim to represent 89% of the Germans in Czechoslovakia.

The question now arises as to whether a practical reconciliation between Czechs and Germans within the present frontiers of the Republic can at this stage be achieved. At the height of the March to May licence, Herr Henlein made eight demands at Carlsbad on April 24th, which included the claim that the

Sudeten Germans should be free to profess National Socialism openly. In practice this would complete their transformation into the subjects of Herr Hitler, and could scarcely be accepted by an independent State. The Czechoslovak Government is prepared to negotiate upon the basis of the Nationalities Statute which it has recently worked out within the framework of the existing constitution. This Statute, if it comes into force, will provide a very wide local autonomy, and, by revising the existing Language Laws, provide very liberal possibilities for the use of minority languages—with less insistence upon the prominence of the language of the State. The distribution of official posts is also to be made strictly equitable—though it is difficult to see how this can be done quickly enough to make an impression ; too many members of the apparently Germanophile Czech Agrarian party have positions which, if " proportionality " is to be observed, should go to Germans instead.

The S. d. P., until after May 21st, assumed an attitude of complete intransigence towards the proposed reforms. It is difficult, however, to discover exactly what alternatives it proposes. Great emphasis is laid upon endowing each nationality in Czechoslovakia with a legal personality, and one hears a good deal about a *Volkstag* (probably consisting of their deputies now sitting in the Chamber) for the Germans within a "Swiss system." The Swiss analogy, however, is completely misleading, since the Swiss system would break down at once, given Czechoslovak conditions, i.e., bitterly opposed ideologies within the same State. The essence of the Swiss situation is that the Swiss language groups are not organized separately and that language laws are superfluous where difference of language has no political significance ; indeed in Switzerland the language or languages used in, say, a court of law, are decided rather by convenience than by anything else.

Although their tenets and requirements appear to be incompatible Herr Henlein, since May 21st, has been negotiating in person with the Czechoslovak Prime Minister, Dr. Hodza. This may be partially explained by the fact that Herr Henlein and his closest collaborators are naturally less radical than many of the followers for whose benefit they have been making intransigent declarations in public. The S. d. P. leaders are, of

course, dependent upon the wishes of Berlin, and it can only be presumed that the German Government, especially since May 21, is not averse to a compromise, or at any rate to conciliatory gestures. The relation of Herr Henlein and his colleagues to the Berlin *régime* is an intricate one. They themselves were for years the pupils of the Viennese Professor Othmar Spann, who has been imprisoned for his anti-racial heresies by the German authorities since immediately after their annexation of Austria. Though Herr Henlein has repudiated the doctrines of Professor Spann on account of their unpopularity with his rank and file, many Sudeten Germans believe that he is too much wedded to the Spann ideology to be as Nazi as they wish. These opponents of Herr Henlein have been emigrating to Germany itself, and it has been observed that many of them have been placed in good positions. Thus Herr Henlein and his friends may fear a more humiliating and more disagreeable fate than that of Dr. Seyss-Inquart if Herr Hitler should annex any portions of Czechoslovakia. While the S. d. P. leaders have an interest in the retention of the frontiers as they are, it is possible that the Government of the *Reich* may also prefer to retain them; distressed industrial areas which cannot feed themselves are a doubtful proposition and to include the Czech interior of Bohemia and Moravia would create a minority problem of alarming proportions.

There have been other periods in Sudeten German history, when as in the Badeni days of 1897, popular intoxication, especially in Egerland, reached fantastic limits, and yet within a few years the excitement had died down. Should the *Reich* German wireless reverse the methods pursued by it in the last three or four years, an emotional subsidence would not be impossible, and the Nationalities Statute might become genuinely acceptable. On the other hand there exists far and wide in Central Europe the fear that Germany may, after the harvest, once more throw discretion to the winds and chastise the impertinent Czechs by crossing their frontiers at the end of this summer.

The development of the Czech-German situation will determine the fate of the other nationalities in Czechoslovakia. The Hungarian minority numbers only three-quarters of a million,

but it, too, is holding mass meetings and in the communa elections it was polling with striking success. Ever encouragement comes from Budapest, where the attitud towards Prague is one of increasingly strident malevolenc Of all the Czechoslovak nationalities only the Ruthenes are no prominent in the nuisance-value competition of the day. Ther is, nevertheless, no doubt that the Czechs themselves are mor confident and more united since the critical week-end of May 21st The Government perforce remains cautious and forbids an tone of triumph in the Czech press; indeed it is observed wit comprehensible indignation by the Czechs that, while thei newspapers are confiscated for any attacks upon the heads of th Berlin *régime*, the Henleinist press often has greater liberty o abuse. The rise of Czech feeling has, however, made itself fel so strongly that the Right Wing Agrarian leaders have revise their attitude—at any rate for the time. Their newspape *Venkov*, published an unprecedented eulogy of their politica opponent, President Benesh, on the occasion of his birthday o May 28th.

Of all the dangers which threaten the integrity o Czechoslovakia, economic pressure from the German *Reich* i probably the most difficult to meet. The Czechs are full o insistence upon the fact that Germany needs them too, and the illustrate their contention by the fact that Germany cam begging for food imports (as she also did to Hungary) in the day which followed her invasion of Austria. In spite of the cheapnes of export *viâ* Gdynia and the Black Sea, these routes canno entirely replace the rail and river routes across Germany, an the clause in the Treaty of Versailles which allotted a free zon to Czechoslovakia at Hamburg can scarcely be regarded as s very much more robust than the rest of the Treaty where Germa sovereignty was affected. For the time being Germany has a economic interest in retaining Czechoslovak transit payments but she has already diverted her own transit traffic fro Czechoslovakia, and she is always prepared to sacrifice economi to political interests. Czech-German Commercial negotiation were proceeding fairly amicably in May until abruptl interrupted by the crisis of May 21st. The acute danger of wa at that time, the military operations and the continuing tensio

have virtually killed tourist traffic between Great Germany and Czechoslovakia. This fact is much more injurious to a small power than a great, and since the most famous watering-places in the Czechoslovak Republic are in Sudeten German teritory, the economic loss is sharply intensified by the indignation of the German population which is taught by the Henleinists that only Prague is to blame. The disappearance of Austria had already weakened the economic position of Czechoslovakia by increasing Germany's competitive power and by destroying the relatively free currency of Austria where money now "freezes" as it long has in the rest of Germany.

Moreover, Austrian capital in Czechoslovakia has now become German. Although the Czechs have made themselves masters of most of the capital in the Republic, they have the most vivid recollection of the power played by Austrian and German capital in Bohemia and Moravia before and during the war, when German peaceful penetration aimed at creating a German *Mittel-Europa*. While before the war they frequently compared their lot with that of pre-war Denmark as a small nation divided and threatened by Pan-German ambition, they regarded themselves as a dam thrown across Central Europe to resist the floods of Germanization. While Herr Henlein has protested sharply against their fidelity to this interpretation of the Central European map, it is certain that the Czechs will cling to it stubbornly. But Czechoslovakia is thoroughly dependent on exports, and it is difficult to imagine that Germany cannot strangle or cripple her, should she become determined to do so, not only by refusing to buy her coal and her timber, but also by cutting her most valuable communications. Indeed economic weapons might prove more efficacious in destroying her independence than the annexation of the whole or any part of Czechoslovakia.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S MILITARY STRENGTH

By Jonathan Griffin

ON March 14, Mr. Winston Churchill disarmed an isolationist House of Commons by saying of the Czechoslovak people :

> "No doubt they are only a small democratic State, no doubt they have an army only two or three times as large as ours, no doubt they have a munitions supply only three times as great as Italy . . . ."

Till recently, whenever one told anyone in England that, if invaded, the Czechs would fight the whole *Reich*, the statement caused surprise and sceptical smiles ; now, since the week-end of May 21/22, all that is changed. British people are face to face with the fact that the Czechs will fight rather than surrender their independence, and that if the Czechs are invaded France will have to fight, just as if France were invaded Great Britain would have to fight. If Herr Hitler were led to think that an invasion of Czechoslovakia would be a quick triumph for him, so quick that neither France nor Russia would intervene, war might well blaze up and engulf us all. To some extent, then— perhaps to a decisive extent— the peace of the world depends on the Czechoslovak army.

Czechoslovakia, being long and slender in shape, has about 1,750 miles of frontiers to defend. The army is therefore organized in 7 army corps, divided among 4 provincial commands There is compulsory military service. The period of service was until recently two years ; in face of German menaces it will soon be three years. The number of recruits accepted each year was, before 1937, limited, at first to 70,000 and then to 75,000 ; so that, with about 30,000 officers and others who enlist for long service, the Czech army's peace-time strength was about 180,000. In 1937 the limit to recruiting was removed, and three years' service will bring the peace-time strength up to at least 300,000.

Of what is this army composed, and how is it equipped ?

In 1937 it contained 12 infantry divisions; now, although up-to-date details are not disclosed, its reorganization into 7 army corps—14 divisions—is probably complete. Until 1936 all the divisional artillery was horse-drawn, though the heavy regiments had tractors to help them over difficult bits of country. In spite of the advantages of horse transport in a country where oil is hard to come by and provender plentiful, some of the divisional artillery, light as well as heavy, is being mechanized. In addition, each division has a company of sappers and one of signallers, and the formation of auxiliary companies, one for each division, operating anti-tank guns, quick-firing anti-aircraft guns and *minenwerfers*, is well advanced. I have not space here to enumerate the machine-guns, field-howitzers, etc.

Outside the divisions the Czech army has many other units. Chief among them, perhaps, in these days of undeclared wars and intervention, are the eleven "frontier defence battalions". These are always ready for action and consist wholly of reliable Czechs and Slovaks. Each has 36 light and 12 heavy machine-guns, an engineering platoon, a signals platoon and a platoon armed with anti-tank and quick-firing anti-aircraft guns. Then there are cavalry brigades, tanks, etc.

Apart from the divisional artillery and that of the two mountain brigades, there are four light, four heavy and four extra-heavy artillery regiments, four anti-aircraft regiments, four detachments of artillery attached to the cavalry, one artillery reconnaissance regiment and four transport battalions. All these are motorized. Each of the heavy regiments has, besides, its own "transport battery." One of them has two batteries of 15-cm. guns (2 to a battery) and one of 2 railway guns, 24-cm.; two of them are 15-cm. howitzer regiments, each with 8 howitzers in four batteries; and one is a mortar regiment with two batteries of 21-cm. and two of 30.5-cm. mortars. The anti-aircraft regiments have each three detachments consisting of two batteries of guns and one of searchlights. The guns (motorized) are mostly of two types, a 7.65-cm. and an 8.35-cm., with ceilings of about 11 and 12 kilometers respectively, and there are 4 to a battery. There is also a 9-cm. fixed anti-aircraft gun in use, and other types are being tried. The predictors are up-to-date, of Czech design and make, and the Czechs are very proud of them.

Other units also are motorized or are being motorized, among them the tank regiments, parts of the reconnaissance detachment of the cavalry, various engineering and signals units (including the bridge-building columns), certain companies operating anti-aircraft quick-firers, the ground services of the air force, and some of the medical units. The number of transport battalions is being raised from four to seven. Measures are being taken to create a reserve of heavy lorries and skilled drivers, and in April of this year a week's publicity campaign drew 20,000 volunteers for this service from Prague alone.

Czechoslovakia has also a navy of about twenty-five river craft, attached to the engineers. It includes two mine-sweepers, four mine-layers and one boat armed with 7.5-cm. guns. It might have a small but important part to play. In the *Pester Lloyd* of April 16, the Vienna correspondent reported that the German Danube Flotilla was being strengthened, and he added (the italics are his) :

> "The duties of the Danube Flotilla will be the following : to *harass any enemy positions on the banks*, to assure the shipping on the Danube against *mines*, to *prevent enemy bridge-building in case of war*. . . . A *close co-operation with the Hungarian river-police is planned*."

The commander of the German Danube Flotilla, Captain Degenhardt, visited Budapest early in April, and in May no less a person than Admiral Raeder, Commander-in-Chief of the German Navy, followed in his wake. A German flotilla on the Danube could, with Hungarian co-operation, protect the right flank of an army attacking the narrow middle of Czechoslovakia from the eastern end of Austria—supposing this flank were not protected by a neutral Hungary.

The Czechoslovak air force has many more fighters and reconnaissance aircraft than bombers. It is thus clearly organized not for an exchange of Gernikas but for army co-operation—and for co-operation in defence rather than attack. Of its six regiments, four consist of reconnaissance and fighter squadrons, two mainly of bombers, with heavy fighters to escort them. A seventh is being formed, may even now be ready. Exact numbers are naturally not disclosed, but a German estimate (that of K. Urban in his *Kurze Zusammenstellung über die Tchechoslovakische Armee*, 1937, third edition) is that in 1937 the first-line strength was 650, the

second-line strength 720 ; so that, if the police aircraft (about 50) were counted in, the total was then about 1,420. The *personnel*, in the same estimate, was about 10,000 ; but in addition a voluntary organization, the Masaryk Flying League, assures a big reserve of partly trained pilots. Already in 1927 it had 100,000 members ; its recent membership is not published. As for aerodromes, there were in 1937 (on the same authority) 66 in constant use—18 military, 17 civil, 9 police, 4 belonging to factories, 18 to sporting clubs—and 80 more were so far prepared that in the event of war something like 150 aerodromes would be available. This means that an aggressor could hardly make much impression on the Czechoslovak air force by bombing its aerodromes. It also means that, if Czechoslovakia as victim of aggression were to receive assistance in the form of aircraft, such assistance could come into action almost without delay. Since the greatest military danger to Czechoslovakia is invasion by land, everything else is subordinate to what is required for helping the front on land to hold up attack ; and yet, geographically, Czechoslovakia is exceptionally well placed for doing retaliatory damage if any near-by Power were to treat Prague like Barcelona. In Czechoslovakia the bulk of the people do not live in towns (indeed it is the Germans who live most in towns, the Slovaks least) ; and the key industries of Czechoslovakia have been decentralized and re-designed. To air attack, at least, Czechoslovakia is less vulnerable than Germany, incomparably less vulnerable than England.

To back up these forces, Czechoslovakia has the armaments industry of a Great Power. The firm of Skoda employs over 40,000 people in at least 8 factories in different parts of the country ; and, apart from Skoda, there are at least 8 factories making air frames, 5 making aero engines, 5 making artillery, 8 making machine-guns and rifles, 6 that make ammunition, 5 that make explosives, 5 making tanks, 7 making tractors, 8 making lorries, 8 for gas-masks and 5 for poison gas. Czechoslovakia's armaments industry has in the last few years not only covered home needs but kept up a large export trade; and it is said to produce more than a thousand aeroplanes a year. That is not all : under the National Defence Law of May, 1936, other factories have been made ready to supplement

the armaments industry in a crisis, and Czechoslovakia has already taken action to make its armaments industry as free as possible from the danger of being seriously dislocated by invasion, sabotage, bombing or shelling. Under the National Defence Law the State has power to supervise strictly all factories important to national defence, to prevent them from employing persons whose loyalty to the State is not reliable, and to control the location of new factories. (The factories are not nationalized, but in some of them the State has more than half the shares). Vital industries that were near the frontiers now have substitutes, well distributed, mainly in the eastern half of the country ; and many important factories have been specially built, or re-built, and equipped to limit closely the effects of bombs or shells. They are divided up into separate buildings with mounds or concrete walls in between, and up-to-date precautions against fire are compulsory in them.

But Czechoslovakia's armament industry has an Achilles' heel—its raw materials are largely imported. For food Czechoslovakia is largely self-sufficient, and there are only a few big towns that need depend on transported food on any large scale. There are also vast supplies of wood in the country ; and water-power is beng developed, especially in the eastern half. But much of the coal is near the German frontier, about two-thirds of the iron ore and all the copper comes from abroad. Austrian manganese is now cut off. As for liquid fuel, dilution with 20 per cent. of spirit is compulsory for all ordinary uses ; there is plenty of wood alcohol, benzine and benzol ; and many lorries now run on a gas derived from wood. For the air force and a few other essential demands the army keeps in hand oil and petrol enough to last out three months of intense warfare. After that, clearly, everything would depend on the relations and communications between Czechoslovakia and Rumania.

The railways which the Czechoslovak Republic took over at the end of the War were a section of the railways of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Soon after the war they were nationalized, and the German employees were mostly replaced by Czechs. Although this was hard on the Germans, and bitterly resented, the tactics of Herr Henlein's party and the methods by which Austria was absorbed into the *Reich* would seem to make it,

ex post facto, an inevitable precaution against sabotage. There were, in 1919, first-rate railways running north and south—railways which now, with the excellent roads and the long narrow shape of the country (in other ways a grave disadvantage) make it possible for the Czechoslovaks to switch reinforcements quickly across from north to south or south to north. But, except in Bohemia itself, the railways running east and west were few and bad. There was only one railway connecting West Slovakia with Ruthenia ; and both the efficient lines joining Bohemia to Slovakia ran close to a frontier. These defects Czechoslovakia has largely mended in the last few years by new construction ; and the high proportion of engineers in the army, including a railway regiment, shows that they are alive to the problem of keeping communications open in face of shells and bombs. As for Ruthenia—the eastern end of Czechoslovakia which forms a slender causeway to Rumania between Poland on the north and Hungary on the south—mountains fill the northern half of it completely, most of the valleys running across from north to south. The one railway from Slovakia to Rumania therefore keeps to the plain in the south, very close to the Hungarian frontier, and to build another would be a long and costly business. Apart from this railway there is one good, up-to-date road which runs 20 to 30 kilometres from the Hungarian frontier. This is far from satisfactory. Yet the position of an army attacking Ruthenia from the east corner of Hungary would not be enviable, especially if Rumania or Jugoslavia or both were to fulfil the explicit engagements which bind them to Czechoslovakia in this case.

How strong are the much-spoken-of frontier fortifications of Czechoslovakia ? Details are, naturally, not broadcast. Their Austrian frontier is, it seems, already fortified, though less formidably than that towards pre-Anschluss Germany. This defect they are making good at top speed. Their frontier towards Hungary they have fortified strongly enough, in their judgment, to resist the Hungarian army. Meanwhile on the Austrian and Hungarian sides of the Czech-Austrian and Czech-Hungarian frontiers there is as yet little fortification. Although they have not unlimited money to spend on fortifying ideally those enormous frontiers, the Czechs have had full benefit from

the experience which the French have gained in building the Maginot Line. They have not built simple, continuous lines, like the foredoomed *cinturon* of Bilbao, but zones of fortification subtly arranged in depth, using natural advantages and supplementing any lack of them. Lord Noel—Buxton, in a recent letter to the *Times*, actually suggested that to separate nearly all the predominantly German areas from the Republic would not hurt it, " save by the sacrifice of a mountain frontier which facilitates defence "—only by that!—and that " the value of this frontier has in any case been undermined by the presence of German forces on the non-mountainous Austrian frontier." Surely, if a country becomes newly vulnerable along one stretch of frontier, this only makes it the more vitally important for its other frontiers to be such as to " facilitate defence." This is plain common sense.

Add to the above facts the record speed with which the reservists called up on May 21 reached their posts, and what is the conclusion ? Though their frontiers are long and their numbers relatively small, the Czechoslovaks stand a good chance of gaining the full advantage which the defensive on land tends to have in modern warfare when both sides are well equipped. Czech military circles reckon that they could hold out, even against a Great Power and even without effective aid, for three months, perhaps for four. That may well be true ; and if aid were given promptly, it might well keep the odds against them from being too great. And yet Sir Philip Gibbs, writing to *The Times* from Vienna, says that " within twenty-four hours of war Czechoslovakia would have disappeared from the map." Let us hope the authorities of brave new Vienna do not themselves believe all that they tell to foreign friends. If they do, heaven help us—and them!

MR. DIBDIN'S LECTURE

By Martin Armstrong

EVERYBODY in Mickelton knew Dibdin's, the stationer's shop. There was a certain distinction in the lettering over the shop-front and a quiet refinement about the display in the window. It was also distinguished by the fact that in a corner of the window there was always to be seen a fascinating group of objects not, perhaps, strictly in the stationery line, namely half-a-dozen or so of little glass boxes, each containing a butterfly or moth neatly labelled with its Latin and English names. The reason for this was that Mr. Godfrey Dibdin was an ardent entomologist, so ardent that if, when you visited his shop, you betrayed the slightest sign of not being in a hurry, you were soon surprised to find that a conversation, or rather a lecture, had sprung up between you and Mr. Dibdin on the subject of butterflies and moths, a lecture, like a spider's-web, from which, once entangled, the victim could free himself only by deserting Mr. Dibdin, regardless of good manners, in the middle of a sentence and fleeing the shop.

Mr. Dibdin, short, friendly, clean-shaven, spectacled and slightly bald, was normally a plump man, but in the summer time his plumpness left him and it was a common thing, during the months of June, July, August and September, for friends to remark to Mrs. Dibdin : " I hope Mr. Dibdin is quite well. I saw him the other day and, I must say, he seems to be losing flesh " ; to which Mrs. Dibdin would reply : " O he's all right. It's his insects, you see "—the truth being that during those months all Mr. Dibdin's spare time was given up to pursuing butterflies and moths with a large green butterfly-net, running frantically up hill and down dale, tripping up, falling flat, recovering himself, recovering his spectacles, recovering his butterfly-net and plunging forward once more, hard on the trail of *Apatura Iris* or *Vanessa Io*. This hobby kept Mr. Dibdin

happy and fully occupied throughout the summer and, besides in an admirable state of physical fitness. But as winter set i his whole scheme of life was altered. He sat at home and grev fat and discontented. It was useless to urge him to go on wit his running, to leave his butterfly-net at home and call it cross country running. He wouldn't hear of it. At his age, h declared, it was undignified and ridiculous to run ; " besides," he said, " I don't care for athletics ; never did,". So there i was : Mr. Dibdin sat at home and moped. The worst of i was that neither Susan, his wife, nor any of his friends wer interested. Whenever he raised the subject of butterflies an moths a glazed look came into their eyes and it soon becam apparent that they had not been listening. Not that Mrs Dibdin objected to his hobby ; it was simply that she was unabl to share it. When he ventured to touch on it ever so slightl she would dismiss it with a " You and your insects! " spoke with the good-humoured impatience of a grown-up towards childish weakness. Worst of all was his friend George Herring of Messrs. Herring & Butts, ironmongers. He didn't hesitat to express his impatience in plain terms. " What you see in 'em Godfrey," he said, " beats me. The butterflies eat your cabbages at least the caterpillars do, and the moths eat your clothes When you can invent something to do in the lot of them, I'l listen to you : not until."

" George Herring," replied Mr. Dibdin, " you don't kno what you're talking about. Take the Purple Emperor, fo instance, . . ."

But George waved the creature aside. " The Purpl Emperor's a purple nuisance, no doubt, in some other way, an I don't want to hear any more about it." And then he woul laugh that irritating laugh of his and wink maliciously at Mrs Dibdin.

What riled him was not so much his wife's and friends' lac of interest as their air of superiority. If they had at leas taken him seriously, given him some credit for his scientifi knowledge and admitted that the subject was too abstruse fo them, he could have borne his isolation : what riled him wa that they should regard him as simply a bore or a precociou child. However, there it was : there was nothing to be don

about it, and Mr. Dibdin very wisely gave up talking about butterflies and moths in their presence. Where was the good in trying to teach people who didn't want to learn? It always led to unpleasantness in the end. It was funny, because in all other respects he and Susan got on extremely well, and he and George Herring were very good friends. Herring was a pleasant, intelligent chap; like Mr. Dibdin he was keen on the theatre, and the Herrings, like the Dibdins, belonged to the Mickelton Literary and Scientific Society—the L & S, as it was generally called—which had lectures once a month during the winter in St. Thomas's Hall.

It was the L & S that flashed into Mr. Dibdin's mind one evening in September in connection with his hobby. He had just been reflecting that in another month the season for butterflies and moths would be to all intents and purposes at an end and that he would find himself with nothing much to do in his hours of leisure. Why then shouldn't he write to the secretary and offer to lecture to the Society on "Our Local Lepidoptera"? It could hardly be doubted that the Committee would be glad of suggestions, especially when he made it clear, as he intended to do, that he would lecture free of charge. He had always felt instinctively that he could lecture. He rose and went to his desk. "Dear Sir," he wrote,

> "You may or may not know that for many years I have made a close study of the lepidoptera of the countryside about Mickelton, and it occurs to me that the L & S might consider that a lecture on the subject would be of interest. If so, I shall be delighted to deliver one. I should not, I need hardly add, expect any remuneration."

Next evening Mr. Dibdin received the following reply:

> "Dear Sir, I have your letter of yesterday's date and write to say that I will certainly lay your kind offer of a lecture on local lepidoptera before my Committee when it meets next Thursday evening."

Mr. Dibdin glowed with satisfaction. As he read the letter over again he already saw and heard himself standing on the platform in St. Thomas's Hall, pouring out a dignified, deliberate and eloquent discourse, well-sprinkled with Latin names. "The pupa," he heard himself saying, "of Cerura, commonly known as the Puss Moth, is enclosed in a cocoon which may be found by those with sharp enough eyes to detect it, adhering to the trunk of a Poplar-tree. . . . *Apatura Iris*—the Purple Emperor

—is well named, for this magnificent creature, with his strong soaring flight and the purple glow that plays across the wing when they catch the sunlight, is indeed an Emperor among our British butterflies." Down below, among the audience Susan, George Herring and one or two other friends listened enthralled in spite of themselves.

However, the thing wasn't settled yet. The Committee was meeting on Thursday: he wouldn't hear from the Secretary until Friday at the earliest. At the same time, it might be as well to start preparing a lecture at once. After all, it must take a fair amount of stuff to fill up a solid hour of talk. And so Mr. Dibdin began then and there to jot down notes and phrases during his spare time. On Sunday he spent the greater part of the day on the job. He was absorbed and happy. By Thursday he had filled ten pages of quarto: that, surely, would be more than enough. Well, it was easy enough to discover and, when supper was over and Mrs. Dibdin safely entangled in her novel, he took out his manuscript, noted the time and then slowly and deliberately read it through. It seemed to him to take a very long time. As he reached the final word he glanced at the clock. He had taken a little under twenty minutes. Twenty minutes! He would have to produce at least three times as much to fill the hour. Mr. Dibdin's heart sank, for the truth was that in those ten quarto pages he had set down absolutely everything he knew about the local lepidoptera. With his hands grasping the arms of his chair he sat staring in front of him, while a panic, like a cold, slow mist, spread all through his inside. What was he to do? He had had no idea that it took such a terrific lot of stuff to make a lecture. True he might amplify, add a sentence here and there, describe the butterflies and moths in greater detail, even repeat a phrase occasionally, as if for emphasis. But Mr. Dibdin, whatever else he might be, was a realist, and he saw, only too clearly, that devices of this sort were mere drops in the ocean. He threw down his manuscript in despair. Better go to bed! And as he rose from his chair he realized that it was Thursday, the evening of the L & S Committee meeting. The thought added an extra sting to his discomfort. . . .

Mr. Dibdin, seated before his sitting room fire, was running

once again over the text of his lecture. "*Apatura Iris*, the Purple Emperor," he murmured, "is well named, for this magnificent, this superb creature, with his powerful, soaring flight, carrying him in a few brief seconds to a height far above the tallest trees, with the metallic purple glow that plays like . . . like summer lightning across the extended wings as they catch the August sunlight, is certainly and undeniably . . ."

He was interrupted by the opening of the door. It was their maid, Jinny. "The Mayor to see you, Sir!"

She stood aside and Mr. Pigrom, the Mayor of Mickelton, entered the room. He was wearing a long fur-edged robe and, round his neck, his chain of office. "Ah, Mr. Dibdin," he said, holding out a lace-frilled hand, "how are you, my dear Sir? I called in to see if you were ready. It's time we were starting."

Mr. Dibdin was not in the least surprised. He knew, somehow, that it was time to start for the lecture. He rose from his chair. "Quite ready, Your Worship," he said. "I've only to put on my hat and coat."

"You won't need them," said the Mayor. "I've got your robe and cocked hat in the coach. Come, we must be going."

In the street outside the house a gilded coach awaited them. A footman stood at the door; on his arm he held a scarlet robe and a cocked hat. Seeing Mr. Dibdin he held out the robe and placed it over his shoulders, then handed him the cocked hat. As Mr. Dibdin took the hat from the footman he noticed that he was strikingly like George Herring, and he noticed, too, with much displeasure, that the fellow was sniggering.

"Are you ready, Mr. Dibdin?" asked the Mayor.

"Quite, Your Worship!" Mr. Dibdin replied.

But as he sank into the cushions a terrible doubt assailed him. Yes, he had left his lecture on the sitting room table. "My, lecture!" he gasped.

The Mayor held up a large parchment scroll. "Here it is," he said. "We've had it printed."

There was a gentle lurch and then the coach, suspended on its great cee-springs, began to dance them along in the most delicious manner. Faster and faster they bowled along. Street lamps and brilliantly lighted shop-windows streamed past them in a luminous ribbon. Mr. Dibdin had a flying glimpse of

St. Thomas's Hall: in a moment it was far behind them. "But where are we going, Your Worship?" he asked.

"To the Town Hall," said the Mayor. "We decided that St. Thomas's Hall would be far, far too small." As he spoke the coach drew up in a blaze of light. They had reached their destination. Mr. Dibdin, as he got out, saw that the pavement was crowded by an endless queue that slowly, like a gigantic worm, was burying itself in the Town Hall.

"Come, Mr. Dibdin," said the Mayor. "*We* go in by the state entrance."

They entered a lofty doorway and soon Mr. Dibdin found himself in a large apartment lit by glass chandeliers that hung in showers of crystal from the ceiling. In the centre of the room stood a group of figures robed in black and yellow and drawn up in column of fours. The Mayor led Mr. Dibdin towards them. "Mr. Dibdin," he said, "allow me to introduce my Corporation."

In perfect rhythm the robed figures kicked their right feet backwards, so as to throw back the robes that entangled their legs, and then curtsied profoundly.

A dull, hoarse roar came from somewhere outside the room. It reminded Mr. Dibdin of the ominous growl of the crowd in a play he had seen some years before about the French Revolution. He glanced anxiously at the Mayor who pointed to a door. "They are waiting for us, Mr. Dibdin," he said.

It was a long, laborious walk. From time to time Mr. Dibdin glanced at the door they were making for and saw that it was just as far away as ever. The difficulty was, he now realized, that he was dragging a great weight behind him and soon it became so immense that he could hardly move. He glanced behind him. The footman—the fellow who was so strikingly like George Herring—was acting, he saw, as his train-bearer, and as he caught Mr. Dibdin's eye he winked maliciously and then hauled on the robe with all his might. Mr. Dibdin touched the Mayor's arm. "This fellow, Your Worship," he said, pointing at the footman, "is behaving with . . . with unparalleled insolence."

"Insolence? To *you*?" said the Mayor. He turned sharply and shouted to the Corporation. "Away with him! Away with him to the cells!"

George Herring fell on his knees. "Mercy!" he wailed. "Mercy, Mr. Dibdin!"

Mr. Dibdin turned coldly away. "Certainly not!" he said, and he and the Mayor continued their march to the door.

The door opened into the Town Hall, a vast, glittering cavern packed with people, and as Mr. Dibdin and the Mayor entered, the whole assembly leapt to its feet and burst into a roar of enthusiasm; and again Mr. Dibdin recognized it—the roar of the crowd in the play about the French Revolution. As they passed down the aisle between the seats on their way to the platform, the roar enclosed them: they seemed to be pushing their way through it as if through some thick substance. At last they were clear of it and Mr. Dibdin became aware that he was climbing a slope. He raised his eyes and saw that they had embarked on a great spiral ramp that swung, gyre above gyre, to the top of the hall. At various levels on either side hung trapezes, faintly oscillating on their long ropes. The Mayor pointed to them. "We come down by those," he murmured.

Mr. Dibdin inspected them nervously. The ropes, he saw with concern, were no more than the thinnest string. "Are they safe?" he asked.

"O perfectly!" the Mayor replied. "That is, so long as you keep your head."

They laboured on, and once again Mr. Dibdin began to feel that they would never arrive. It was too much. Why had he ever suggested the lecture? But at that moment the Mayor grasped his arm. They had arrived on a narrow platform with two gilded thrones on it: below them and all round them glittered a waveless sea of misty light on which the platform seemed to float like a small raft.

"Don't get too near the edge, Dibdin," the Mayor whispered. "It's a six hundred foot drop."

Mr. Dibdin shuddered and took a step back. The Mayor checked him. "Don't step back, Dibdin. There's a nine hundred foot drop behind you. Simply keep still and you'll be perfectly safe."

"But where's the audience?" whispered Mr. Dibdin, overwhelmed by the growing complication of what he had undertaken.

"The audience?" There was a touch of asperity in the Mayor's tone. "Why, there, of course!"

He pointed downwards into the sea of light that surrounded them and Mr. Dibdin, cautiously poking his head forward saw faintly glimmering far below them, an acre of upturned faces flat and featureless as soup-plates. He gathered up his scarlet robe, in deadly fear of tripping over it, and sank back into the nearest throne. There was a long pause, and then he heard the Mayor's voice.

"Friends, Fellow-Citizens! I stand before you, as your Mayor to present to you Citizen Dibdin, the greatest living authority on local lepidoptera." A formidable burst of applause surged up from below.

The Mayor turned to him. "That seems to have started them off. I think I need say no more. Will you begin?"

So saying, he sat down in the unoccupied throne and Mr. Dibdin rose to his feet. With either hand he grasped the lapels of his scarlet robe. A great silence fell. "Friends!" he began, speaking as loudly and as slowly as he could. "Friends, I come among you this evening to say a few words about . . . about . . ." His brain seemed to whirl round inside his head. He turned in agony to the Mayor. "My lecture!" he whispered. "I've forgotten my lecture."

With a bland smile the Mayor handed him the parchment scroll. "Here it is. We've had it printed."

Mr. Dibdin opened the scroll. In huge type a crowd of familiar and comforting words rose to his eye. He turned and again faced the abyss. ". . . about our local lepidoptera," he shouted. "*Polyommatus Dispar*, the Large Copper, is, as you are doubtless aware, extinct. The Small Copper, on the other hand, *Polyommatus Phloeas*, is comparatively plentiful." He felt his robe plucked from behind, he turned. The Mayor was handing him a small—but, as he discovered, a very heavy—sack. "What is it?" he asked.

"Small coppers!" the Mayor replied.

Mr. Dibdin understood at once. He opened it and found, as he had expected, that it contained halfpennies. From below shrill voices, like squibs, broke out in various parts of the hall. "Chuck us a copper, Guvner! Chuck us a copper for the ol

Guy." Mr. Dibdin plunged his hand into the sack and began to shy handfuls of coppers over the precipice with the gestures of a man feeding chickens.

When all the halfpennies were gone, he held up his hand and the audience at once became silent. Once more he referred to his scroll. And suddenly everything became easy; all his misgivings were ended. An unbounded self-confidence sprang up in him, and he broke into a flood of eloquence that was more like music than speech. The words flowed from him as from a spout, arranged, as if of their own accord, in magnificently balanced periods, rising, falling, filling the great hall, swaying and controlling every soul in the vast audience. He had got it now, got the secret of public-speaking. All you had to do was to let yourself go. Don't think. Don't bother about words. Above all, make no effort. Just bend back you head, open your mouth, and let the words out.

At the end of a superb cadence he paused. "And now," he said, suddenly dropping his voice, "I come to the climax of my lecture. Fellow Citizens, I am going to introduce you to *Apatura Iris*, the Purple Emperor."

To Mr. Dibdin's surprise, a terrific roll of drums greeted this announcement. It broke off suddenly and a voice rose from the audience. "Friends, we will now sing 'God preserve the Purple Emperor.'"

The drums rolled again and the whole assembly broke into a solemn chorus.

Mr. Dibdin stood waiting for it to finish and, as he waited, he became aware that the music was becoming discordant and sinister. It was turning into the roar of the crowd in the play about the French Revolution. Again his robe was plucked from behind. He turned. The Mayor was gazing at him, white in the face. "Something has gone wrong," he said, in a voice that froze Mr. Dibdin's blood. "They're getting out of hand. You oughtn't to have mentioned the Purple Emperor."

At that moment the platform began to vibrate as if shaken by an earthquake. A loud, ominous rumbling was heard and Mr. Dibdin knew that it was the sound of hundreds and hundreds of feet, hurrying up the ramp from the hall below. "They're coming," shouted the Mayor in a voice of terror. "They're

coming. There's nothing for it ; we must take to the trapezes.'

He sprang from the throne, took a flying leap, and Mr. Dibdin saw him clinging, swinging, like a performing monkey, to the highest of the trapezes. At the same moment Mr. Dibdin himself was enclosed in a dazzling glare of limelight. He folded his hands on his breast. " It's a far, far better thing," he shouted, " that I do . . ."

He was interrupted by a voice shouting his name. " Godfrey Godfrey! " For a moment all was whirl and confusion ; then the voice came again. " Godfrey! Here's your tea."

Mr. Dibdin sat up in bed and took the cup that Susan was offering him. " It's past eight o'clock and you asleep! " she said, and he was glad that she left him at once. He sipped his cup of tea and in a few minutes he was his old self again, or rather, something more than his old self. The panic of the closing scenes of his dream had left him: the sense of confidence and power which has come to him as he harangued the multitude remained. He could face his lecture, now, with equanimity.

Half-an-hour later he went down to breakfast. On the linoleum, near the front-door, lay a letter. He picked it up and tore it open. " Dear Sir," he read,

> " I placed your suggestion for a lecture on the local lepidoptera before my Committee this evening and they have instructed me to convey to you their high appreciation of your kind offer and to express their regret that the subject does not lend itself very happily to the scheme they have in mind for the forthcoming season."

THE NAVAL SIDE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

By W. V. Emanuel

THE sea, as Mr. Eden has said, is the Spanish Government's vitally important frontier. General Franco's advance has shortened that frontier by giving him control of a stretch of Spain's eastern coastline some sixty miles long, which cuts Government Spain in two. Yet the divided halves continue to communicate by sea. Foodstuffs, munitions and whole brigades of troops have been transferred from Catalonia to Valencia, and quite recently a submarine mail service was established for the dispatch of express letters between Valencia and Barcelona. The mere existence of such traffic is enough to show the inadequacy of the rebels' so-called ' blockade ' of the eastern coast, like the similar blockade of the northern coast last year, which was largely a matter of threats.

When the Nationalist revolt broke out, on July 19th, 1936, the various units of the Spanish Navy were divided in their allegiance. Generally speaking, the ships went to the side which controlled the port ; those at Cartagena, Port Mahon and at sea remained loyal to the Government and overpowered their officers ; those at Ferrol and Cadiz went over to the rebels. At Ferrol a most sanguinary fight took place in the dockyard, where the battleship *España* and the cruiser *Alimirante Cervera* were seized by their crews, who were eventually overcome only by the rebel land forces. The chief reason for this was that the battleship was not fit to go to sea, and the cruiser was so deep in dry dock that her 6-in. guns could not be brought to bear on the artillery which General Mola brought up to assist the officers.

The *España* was the largest warship that fell into rebel hands. She and her sister ship, the *Jaime I.* were 15,000-ton battleships carrying eight 12in. guns ; but though not completed until after the Great War, on account of shortage of material, they were of pre-1914 design ; far more valuable to the rebels were

the two 10,000-ton cruisers, *Canarias* and *Baleares*, whose 34 knots made them the fastest big ships on either side, while their eight 8-in. guns gave them an armament superior to any Government ships, except the old *Jaime I*. The *Canarias* was not ready until the end of September, 1936, and the *Baleares*, though laid down nearly nine years before, first appeared at sea in January, 1937, and even then with her two after turrets missing.

Of the five 6-in. gun cruisers two, the *Libertad* and *Cervantes*, each of 7,850 tons, remained loyal, and one, the *Mendez Nuñez*, was not heard of for some weeks, being supposed to be off the west coast of Africa. Eventually she rejoined the Government fleet without any of her officers; they had apparently been forcibly landed somewhere on the Guinea coast. The third, 7,850-ton cruiser, the *Almirante Cervera*, was the rebels' most useful warship until the *Canarias* and *Baleares* were ready. The fourth rebel cruiser, *Republica*, commonly listed in the rebel fleet under her new name of *Navarra*, has actually never been to sea. When the Fascists seized Cadiz, her crew tried to steam her out of the harbour, but her boilers burst and left her lying helpless under the guns of the fortress.

As against the three *active* rebel cruisers, the Government possessed three weaker and slower cruisers and, in addition, all the thirteen fine modern flotilla leaders, two older destroyers and most of the small craft. As for the submarines, it seems that only twelve boats were fit for use at the outbreak of the war, and as these were all based on Cartagena, they were all at the disposal of the Government. Thus, in numbers, the Government fleet had, at the outset of the revolt, a marked advantage, though it possessed nothing fast enough to catch the *Canarias* and *Baleares*.

On the other hand, the loyal ships were at the beginning conspicuously out-matched in morale and technical skill. These qualities largely disappeared with their officers, who in many but not quite all, cases, were murdered in July and August. At the opening of the war the Government ships were usually captained by ex-petty officers, who were unable to give orders without the approval of soviets of the ship's company. Thus the Sailors' Council of one destroyer, for example, deposed their

commanding officer because she had rammed a mole on leaving Barcelona harbour. As the French found after their Revolution, and the Russians have found recently, no fleet can be an efficient fighting instrument under these conditions.

An American who visited the loyal cruiser *Cervantes* at Málaga in August, 1936, described the ship as run by a commune of eight sailors, " the prettiest gang of pirates you ever set eyes on. They all had five or six days' growth of beard, with knife scars showing through in white lines. They were honest fellows, but simple ; misguided if you like." All the officers had been killed on July 19th, but their cabins and mess-room had been carefully sealed to prevent looting. Other eye-witnesses of that first summer report seeing loyalist sailors, clad in no semblance of uniform, lounging about and smoking on neglected decks, and numerous complaints of their seamanship and gunnery were made by neutrals. In Tangier, for instance, the destroyer *Alsedo* was being towed by another destroyer out of harbour on account of engine trouble, when her wireless aerials became so badly entangled in the prow of the anchored French cruiser *Suffren* that her foremast was broken off half way down. With personnel so poorly equipped as this, it is quite surprising that the unreformed Government navy was able to achieve anything at all.

The refusal of the sailors to join their officers in revolt was one of Franco's greatest disappointments. Even before the civil war the shortage of trained personnel in the Spanish Navy, which officially numbered 11,600 officers and men, was so great that only a small proportion of the fleet was kept in full commission. To man the rebel warships it was necessary to enlist Fascist militia, cadets of sixteen and gentlemen volunteers with no experience of the sea. Thus, for example, in December, 1936, the captain of " A " turret in the *Canarias* was an architect, and of " B " turret a doctor. Foreign technicians were also employed, the German gunners of the *Canarias* were noticed by *The Times* correspondent at Melilla as early as September, 1936, and when the rebel battleship *España* was sunk, her in-and-out book, which floated to the surface, gave a surprisingly long list of German personnel.

A brief summary of naval operations to date reveals how

complete superiority at sea has never rested for long with either side. The task of the Government fleet at the outset was a simple one, to keep control of the Straits of Gibraltar and prevent the transport of the main rebel forces from Morocco. They accordingly instituted a patrol of the Straits, which are only about 15 miles across from Ceuta to Algeciras, but employed on it only one, and later two, destroyers and a few submarines, instead of using their whole fleet in a blockade of the comparatively short coast-line of Spanish Morocco. Their bigger ships engaged in tip-and-run bombardments of Ceuta and Algeciras, but these produced no results of military value. However, for a while the patrol reduced the rebels to the expedient of flying their troops over in small detachments to Cadiz and Algeciras, which hampered them considerably. The Government ships also endeavoured to institute a blockade of all rebel ports, in the course of which they interfered with neutral shipping. Several 'incidents' involving British and German merchantmen took place during August. On the 19th the liner *Kamerun* was stopped outside territorial waters, and the German Government, in a fury of indignation, ordered their admiral in Spanish waters to 'answer force with force.' When a British steamer was stopped, our Government sent a less strongly-worded protest through diplomatic channels.

By the end of August, 1936, the Government blockade was ceasing to have any effect. The patrolling ships, hampered by a biting east wind and a shortage of fuel—an important feature affecting neutral countries—were no longer able to keep the seas against the rebel aircraft, which attacked them constantly and on one occasion severely damaged the *Jaime I.* in the bows. In the submarines especially, which were described as 'rather old and very dirty,' both crews and machinery began to show signs of wear by the middle of the month. The incident of August 6th gives a graphic illustration of the loyal ships' fighting qualities at that period. A rebel convoy of four transports escorted only by the small gunboat *Dato*, was sighted while on its way from Ceuta to Algeciras by the much more powerful patrolling destroyer *Alcalá Galiano*. The latter, instead of attacking, fled at full speed as soon as the *Dato* opened fire and aeroplanes appeared, only firing her after-guns when well out of

sight of the convoy. (The *Dato* was the next day set on fire in a heavy bombardment off Algeciras by a battleship, a cruiser and a destroyer, yet apparently she only 'very nearly sank,' and lived to fight another day).

At this stage there could be no decisive action, because all the available rebel warships of any size, that is the battleship *España*, the cruiser *Almirante Cervera* and the destroyer *Velasco*, were on the Biscay coast, helping in the reduction of Irun and San Sebastian. Most of the Government seamen come from those northern provinces, and the thought of their homes being bombarded in their absence proved too much for them. On September 26th the main Government fleet appeared suddenly off Bilbao. Although the rebel warships kept out of their way, they achieved nothing, and their absence left General Franco free to pour men and munitions across the Straits. There, on September 29th, occurred the first serious naval action of the war. The Government flotilla leaders, *Gravina* and *Almirante Ferrandiz*, while attempting to stop the traffic, were caught by the rebel cruisers *Canarias* and *Almirante Cervera*, which had slipped down south into Cadiz. Hopelessly outmatched, and steaming at half their reputed speed (perhaps on account of fuel shortage), the *Ferrandiz* was sunk and the *Gravina* severely damaged; a Government armed trawler was also destroyed.

This battle left the rebels in undisputed control of the Straits. By the time that the Government fleet returned to Málaga on October 17th, the initiative at sea had passed to the rebels. The Government still held all the ports on the east coast, but apart from a desultory submarine patrol off Málaga and an occasional cruiser sortie, their ships remained inactive. The rebel ships on the other hand were constantly at sea, and their troop transports, escorted by warships, carried on an uninterrupted ferry service from Morocco to Spain.

The winter of 1936-37 produced no naval engagement of importance. The rebels, while retaining the *España* and *Velasco* on the Basque coast, used their cruisers in lightning raids on Almeria and Barcelona and other places on the east coast. But the energies of both fleets were principally devoted to much-needed reorganization. On November 19th the Soviet principle of appointing political delegates was officially applied

to the Government fleet, which consequently showed itself incapable of doing much to hinder the rebel forces at the capture of Málaga in February. Both then and since, however, Government ships have been doing good unobtrusive work in convoying supply ships from beyond the Balearics to their east coast ports. These activities had been kept secret until recently, because the Government thought it inadvisable to let it be known that munitions were reaching Spain by sea.

On the north coast the rebel warships continued to have things mostly their own way, in spite of the gallantry of the Basque mine-sweeping flotilla. The Government's plan for the defence of the northern provinces included the obtaining of aeroplanes direct from America by ships which would not have to run the gauntlet of the Straits of Gibraltar. But on March 8th the armed merchantman, *Mar Cantabrico*, carrying a large number of planes from both the United States and Mexico, was caught by the rebels off the Bilbao coast, in spite of her efforts to disguise herself as a British ship; and after that Franco's grip on the northern coast tightened. So the Basques received no aeroplanes and Bilbao fell. The rebel bluff about minefields, which were virtually non-existent, and the whole shameful episode of the effect of the 'blockade' on the British Government, falls outside the scope of this article. "Potato" Jones and his fellow-seamen proved the reality of the dangers that loomed so large in Whitehall and at Westminster.

It might have been expected that the Government fleet would attempt to steam round Spain again and engage the Bilbao blockaders, for by the summer of 1937 there were signs that the training and morale of their crews had improved. Indeed in March and April they carried out several raids on Málaga, Ceuta and the Balearics, and they continued to supply with food and arms Minorca, the only Balearic island to remain loyal. But several new factors had emerged since their last voyage to the north. The first was the foreign naval intervention, on which whole books will one day be written. Whatever the accuracy of the various allegations made against German and Italian warships, ranging from mere spying to the alleged use of the *Graf Spee* as an aircraft carrier, the fact is indisputable that they have acted as a 'fleet in being,' which has dogged the tracks o

Government ships, come between them and their targets, and seriously hampered them at every turn, even if they have not actually opened fire.

Mention of foreign intervention leads inevitably to the thorny question of the 'pirate' submarines, which proved so useful to the rebels until the signature of the Nyon agreement in September last. Their origin is indicated sufficiently clearly in a broadcast by General Queipo de Llano from Seville on September 9th, 1937. "Neither we nor the Reds," he declared, "construct submarines. They buy them—so do we. We bought four. They are in the Mediterranean." (This was at the very time when the *Frankfürter Zeitung* was saying that Franco's two solitary submarines were off Gijon, where no one ever saw them). If, as is so often stated, the rebel submarines consist only of ex-Government vessels, it is surprising that the General did not broadcast facts so flattering to his own side. It is still more surprising that the initial letters and numbers of the craft were only divulged long after the time when they are alleged to have fallen into rebel hands. Thus, it is a fact that B6 was sunk off Gijon by the rebel destroyer on November 19th, 1936, and that C3 foundered off Málaga in the next month, but nobody has ever produced any evidence for their supposed salvage, which would be a matter not easily concealed from neutral eyes, especially as the C3 sank in fifty fathoms. Nor is there any conclusive evidence about the identity of the submarine whose torpedo damaged the Government cruiser *Cervantes* in Cartagena Harbour on November 22nd, 1936. The rebels maintained that this was the submarine B5 firing a parting shot as she deserted to their side, but the Government declared that the torpedo must have been fired by a foreign vessel as all the completed submarines were in their hands. The fact that the letters 'B5' have been noticed on the conning-tower of a 'pirate' submarine proves nothing. A pot of paint can easily change a ship's identification marks.

Again, it is a fact that all the Spanish destroyers but one, the *Velasco*, have remained loyal to the Government. So the presence of more than one destroyer in the rebel fleet on several occasions, as noticed by neutral observers, for example at the capture of the American *Nantucket Chief* on January 20th last

implies reinforcements from the same source that provided the submarines. There seems no reason to disbelieve the information which the Spanish Government gave to our Foreign Office in February, that the rebel fleet had for some months contained two Italian flotilla leaders, two mine-laying destroyers, and two submarines. Their names, and possibly some of their crew, are now Spanish, but for the rest they are the weapons of a nominally neutral Power.

Yet even with these reinforcements the rebel fleet is no longer the equal of a Government navy, which seems to have gone at least as far towards reorganization as the land and air forces. The indiscipline and sloth which made the loyal ships so long a blunted instrument, have disappeared. The Sailors' Councils and the Political Commissars have gone. The officer ranks have been restored, and are being recruited in increasing numbers from the Naval Academy founded by Señor Prieto, the indefatigable Minister of Defence who did so much for the Navy from his appointment in the spring of last year.

The first signs of the Government reorganization took place over a year ago, but the loss of their largest ship, the *Jaime I.*, in Cartagena harbour on June 17th, 1937, was a serious blow which balanced the sinking of the *España* on April 30th. The *España* undoubtedly blew up on one of the mines laid by her own side, in spite of the Basque bombers' claims, but the cause of the explosion in the *Jaime I.* is more uncertain. She is unlikely to go to sea again, for the repairs required to raise her from the harbour would take nearly two years. Her big guns have apparently been salvaged, although they are too heavy to be mounted in any other ship of either navy.

Indeed, once the two battleships went to the bottom of the sea, the cruisers became the capital ships of the war, and from June of last year a cruiser action was always expected. But until this March there was little to record except shadow fighting. The Government's four cruisers did their best to keep out of the way of the heavy guns of the *Canarias* and *Baleares*, while those two ubiquitous raiders tried to keep clear of the Government's aeroplanes. (The wholesome respect which the warships of both sides have paid to aircraft and shore batteries is a most interesting strategical factor, and gives some

indication of the low standard of naval efficiency shown throughout the war). Last September the two cruiser fleets fell in with one another off Algiers, and during a running fight no great damage was done, though the *Canarias* was apparently hit. Not long afterwards an escorting force of four Government destroyers succeeded in driving off the *Baleares*, the crack ship of the rebel fleet.

But on March 13th the world was startled to learn that a decisive fleet action had taken place off Cartagena, and that the *Baleares* had been sunk. She and her sister ship were bigger, more heavily armed and more modern than the Government warships, but that did not prevent the inferior force from pressing home attacks with torpedo and bomb. These are the obvious weapons for the Government forces at sea. The four, cruisers, twelve surviving flotilla leaders, two smaller destroyers five torpedo boats, besides the six or seven submarines which still remain fit for use, are on paper quite capable of regaining complete control of the sea and dealing with the *Canarias* as they did with the *Baleares*, if the Spanish Government Navy has really become the homogeneous professional force which the army is.

In that case, the tables would be turned with a vengeance, and instead of rebel ships intercepting Government supply ships, the opposite would be likely to happen. The advantages of belligerent rights would no longer be all on one side, and the Government fleet might begin to affect the rebel sea communications with Morocco and the Balearics.

Such a possibility is by no means remote, for the Government fleet does by now seem to have regained the initiative. This is proved not only by the sinking of the *Baleares*, but also by the continued retention of Minorca, the continued convoying of munition ships and the way in which the two halves of Government Spain still succeed in maintaining contact. Even the substantial reinforcements already given to Franco's somewhat scratch navy by the Fascist Powers have not given him complete control of the sea, and it will need many more Italian warships to redress the balance against a homogeneous professional force, now at last well equipped and encouraged by its recent successes.

THE JAPANESE SCENE

By Harrison Brown

IT was a perfect morning when our smart little ship sailed into Tsuraga Bay. I stuck my head out of the port hole. Early dawn tinged with rose the pearl-grey tops of the hills. Where their steep, tree-clad slopes met the blue water a dozen soft shades seemed to mingle. A sampan crept between us and the coast, rowed gondola fashion by a man in a conical straw hat standing upright in the stern. It was a boat from some waterside village, for a peasant woman in kimono sat in it, gazing up at us, and the craft was half full of bright-coloured fruits and vegetables. "Now here," I thought to myself as I withdrew my head, "is where I forget all I have heard of prejudice. I will judge for myself."

"Doctor's inspection," called the steward, before I had finished shaving. After that came a more formal parade, before the immigration officials.

We were not a numerous company; some half dozen Russians, on official mission of course, in connection with the placing of orders for ships in part payment of the Chinese Eastern Railway. In addition, three Americans, a couple of Germans and myself, the only Englishman. The interval of waiting was filled by the correspondent of an Osaka newspaper who was floating round, a portly, smiling person who seemed to wish to get me in training for official questioning. Finding me uncommunicative on family matters, he informed me that the Russians had again attacked the Japanese on the Manchurian frontier, and asked me if I had seen any Russian warships in Vladivostok, "submarines, for instance"?

At last my turn came. It was a lengthy process but I started high on the list. Seated before a smiling youth in spectacles my cross-examination began. Where had I been at school? And when? Where was that place? How many miles from

London? What special studies had I made at college? (But this was fun! I entered into the spirit of the thing and began to feel young again.) What had I done after leaving college? A farm apprentice. Was I still a farmer? No. I had run away to go on the stage. The stage? How interesting! I was then an actor? Not at all, I had merely tried to be one.

That was a *gaffe*. The smile faded and a puzzled frown took its place. "How now, I had been on the stage and yet was not an actor. What did I mean by that?"

"Just sowing some wild oats," I answered rashly.

"Oats, oats?" Then I must be still a farmer.

"No, no, that was earlier." I cursed my stupidity. Smiles do not always mean a sense of humour—or even friendliness. With becoming gravity I explained at length, ending with the wistful suggestion that all that was long ago and of little interest "Long ago," the youth repeated, checking the date.

By the time we had reached 1914 I was feeling quite old again. I had been in the Army? Yes. I had been in the Army. What rank had I held? Private, then Lieutenant. "I had been a 'Tommy', was it not?" The smile, I was glad to see, had returned to his face. But the war was a long and tedious business, and demobilization came slowly.

Painfully and with several misunderstandings we crawled together through the low spots of my chequered but inglorious career. "Paris!" A gleam came into his eye. I had lived in Paris. "How curious for an Englishman to live in Paris." I had no answer to that one. But come, what had I been doing in Paris all those years? In business? Well, well, So I was in commerce now. I let that pass but wondered what shades of doubt the hieroglyphics he scribbled down denoted.

What firm had I been with in Paris? Spell that name. They make typewriters? Not at all, they make textiles, or did twelve years ago. And so it went on, the Japanese take no chances.

But for the fact that his interest waned as we came to more modern times I might still be there to-day. At last with a bow and a smile he left me and crossed the saloon to consult his superior, an unpleasant little man who sat glumly aloof from his two subordinates, fanning himself. After a whispered consultation and some energetic stabbing of my probe sheet, the

youth returned and asked me to take a seat in the corner, his superior wished to examine me further.

I waited, wondering what the devil even an immigration official could possibly want more. They already knew as much as I did.

One by one my fellow passengers were grilled, and one by one filed out. Train time approached. At last in an empty room, after some minutes of apparent chit-chat between them, I was summoned to take my place, this time before the three officials in a row. The same young man did the questioning, but he had grown more stern. Under the bilious eye of his superior he no longer felt constrained to smile.

With long pauses between and much hunting through the characters inscribed about me on the paper, the questions dragged on. What had been the address of my office in Paris? In what county had I said my school was located?

They seemed to be running short of questions, and I began to notice that the answers were not being written down. In fact they seemed hardly to listen to them. It was getting late and was already hot in the saloon. The smug "superior" smiled and fanned himself.

"In what theatres did you act in London in 1914?" I politely told them. "How many people were in the companies of those plays?" I made a guess. And finally, "When did the World War begin?"

"You mean, I suppose, when did I join up for it?"

"No, no. I asked the question—when did it begin."

"Gentlemen," I said, "this is not a police station, nor is it a schoolroom. I am a first-time visitor to your country. It is a pleasure trip, for although I am a journalist, I have nothing commissioned to write about from Japan. Nor have I ever written a line about your country, as your records may have shown for I saw you consulting your blacklist. In these circumstances I am curious to know the reasons for this inquisition. During the past hour or more I have been cross-examined as never before in twenty years of crossing frontiers. Quite obviously many of your questions have had no sense. It has been equally obvious that you were not interested in my replies. Most obvious of all it has lately been that your only purpose was

to make me lose the train to Tokyo. I am curious to know if this manner of treating visitors is customary in your country, and if there is some method in your madness which escapes my detection ? " After which little speech I sat back and lit a cigarette.

There was a very long pause. It lasted so long that I began to get intrigued. Without knowing it I had tripped them up by their Achilles heel. In Japan things are done by the book, and there is a rule for everything. To speak out of turn is unfair. I had done it—and they were flummoxed.

The spell of silence was broken at last by the whistle of an engine ashore. The Tokyo train had gone. With a grimace, the " Superior " snatched up my passport, stamped it and threw it back to me.

I looked back as I left the saloon at the Three Clever Officials. They sat in a row, smiling and well content. As I passed through the door there came three little high-pitched giggles from three little throats.

It did not mean much to me. I was obliged to taxi across to another station and await a slow train. I had small adventures changing trains *en route*. I arrived late in Tokyo. But it seemed strangely discourteous for a nation which used to have a reputation for politeness. It would appear that my experience is quite a usual one. It seems that with every arrival some innocent abroad is made the lever by which a temporary lift is give to the self-esteem of some immigration " superior."

A few days later I mentioned the incident briefly to a Japanese friend who is also an official, of a different type. He shook his head mournfully : " We know it all," he said, " the stupidity and lack of education of many of our petty officials is one of our problems. But its solution is not so easy".

* * * * *

Japan is not only one of the most beautiful countries in the world scenically, it is an ancient land with a manner of living all its own. If much of her civilization came in olden times from Korea and China, there is also much that is indigenous to fascinate the Westerner. Contrary to the impression one sometimes hears abroad, the Japanese are as friendly towards foreigners as the people of any other country, in the country

districts they are a good deal more so than is usual. But as in other countries, the real Japan must be sought out. Those who stick close to the " New Grand's " and their taxis can claim to have been to the Orient, they cannot claim to have seen it.

It is a healthy experience for those foreigners who have outgrown provincialism to spend a few days in a Japanese inn away from the main tourist routes. The world still holds some pretty large corners where Western habits of living are unknown. But most of them are for the adventurer, and their price is extreme discomfort. There is nothing adventurous about staying in a Japanese inn. So little in fact that one could, at a pinch, go from one to another throughout the country and carry no luggage and still be without discomfort. Not only are all of a cleanliness which no other country can rival, but all provide toilet necessities as a matter of course. Kimono and sandals, toothbrush and even razor are " found " by the house.

Japanese inns are perhaps unique in the fact that they contain all the essentials of comfortable living without being at any point similar to the styles of the West. From the time you are conducted to your paper-walled room and served the welcoming cup of green tea, to the time when you again put on your shoes and are smilingly bowed out by the whole personnel on its knees, you will have experienced something different at every turn.

It is not merely that you squat upon mats and sleep upon mattresses, which only at nightfall are piled in the centre of the room to make a bed. Nor that you visit a common bathroom where the bath is a steaming hot plunge, in which soap is taboo, and after which you are expected to dry yourself on a damp towel. Everything is different, as might be expected in a land where folks stand up to say their prayers and kneel down to say good morning. It is a delightful mixture of the highly ceremonious with Old World courtesy, of oriental feudal customs with an ease and simplicity bordering upon the democratic. The little maid who kneels demurely by the *Teiburu* as you eat your meal, is not a slave, though her wages would hardly keep you in cigarettes. In the fortunate event of your being able to talk with her she will take her part naturally in the conversation. If not, she will get a lot of fun from teaching you how to use chop sticks. When you ring in the morning, you will hear her

lip out of her sandals at the door, hear her voice saying " O
ayo gozaimas." Then the sliding door will be softly pulled
side, and she will be seen on her knees, bowing her head to the
loor and repeating the morning greeting. Only after this little
eremony will she set about trying to understand your wishes.
t is all very pretty and, properly understood, has no hint of
ubservience. You are the guest of the establishment, and this
s the customary way to treat a guest, that is all there is to it.

It is, in any case, far prettier than any Pidgin, though not
o amusing, as I found one morning at a little hotel in which I
ad stayed some time. The ceremony was as usual until the
apanese greeting had been concluded. Then there came more
owings of the head, accompanied by the broadest grin, " Goo"
norning, Brown " she said, and with another low bow, "Oh,
Brown, goo' morning." Chiyo san was very proud of her two
vords of English, but wholly innocent of names and how to use them.

It goes without saying that in a Japanese inn you should eat
apanese food. It is probable that you will not like it, nor will
ou find it satisfying, but you will not starve. You may even
east the soul on its pretty colours and the way it is served. It
rrives in eight or a dozen little bowls and jars, each one of a
ifferent shape and pattern and some of different materials.
ice, the glutinous rice of Japan, comes in a lacquered wood
ureen from which the maid serves it out as required. In the
thers are minute portions of three or four kinds of fish done in
ifferent styles, or cubes and cones of bright-coloured vegetables
ooking as though the chef had spent the afternoon playing
astles with a dozen kinds of new toy brick.

Ever since Perry startled the nation out of its seclusion with
is " black boats," Japan has been known to the West as the
nd of topsy-turvydom. If you do things in the opposite way
o the one you have learnt you will probably be right in Japan.
is a land where books end where we put the title page ; where
ine is drunk before, not after meals, where horses and bicycles
e mounted from the right-hand side, not from the left ; where
abies are carried on the back, not in the arms ; where keys
rn in, instead of outwards, where the best rooms are at the
ack, not at the front of a house—and where women go after,
ot before a man.

As might be expected, the Japanese differ also in matters of taste. To the foreigner it sometimes seems as though the "divine Fuji" alone dare be symmetrical. Elsewhere what is to us bizarre, is to them beautiful. But for this there is a reason. Japan is absurdly like its portraits. Hill after hill is crowned by a lone tree of irregular and often fantastic shape. A mountainous country, largely of volcanic origin, its narrow valleys and steep hills often force Nature into forms which elsewhere would seem grotesque.

Japan is over-populated, she sacrificed her peasantry to industry, as England did. Every inch of soil that is possible must therefore be used. Hence the terraced rice fields in tiny squares and oblongs. There are over five and a half million farms in the country with an average area of about two and a half acres. And against the rice fields, where they have not themselves been pushed back to squeeze in a thatched-roofed village or to lodge a temple, grows the forest. Bamboo and fir and maple, separated from the fields by the narrowest of paths, packed twice as thickly as elsewhere and crammed with undergrowth. Japan gives the impression of being squeezed, as her womenfolk are squeezed into their *obi's*. And Japanese ideas of beauty follow the natural scenery; quaintly formed dwarf trees; little flowerless gardens of rock and evergreen and tiny streams, imitating the shallow mountain torrents which are the country's only rivers.

And at every corner something new to see, at every turn of the road a fresh way of doing things. Fresh, of course, only to the West, for in Japan the countryside does not change, it is too poor to do so. Watermills may still be seen, worked as a treadmill by a peasant. Straw hats of archaic and picturesque shape, straw overcoats when it rains. Itinerant priests with their worldly goods wrapped in a handkerchief. Ancient shrines standing, maybe, at the top of a flight of moss-grown steps in a grove of magnificient cryptomaria trees. Rows of baby Buddhas, their faces worn featureless by countless rain-storms, or little Shinto shrines to the God of the valley or of the household, often a mere conical-shaped stone carved with characters, before which is a little cup containing the votive offering.

Within sight an electric train may thunder past or an aeroplane fly. Telegraph posts and power lines stagger down every street, but beneath them bounds the shuffling clatter of wooden *geta* as it sounded before the roads came. And children, children everywhere, strapped on the backs of their mothers as they do the housework, or of their grand-parents as they gossip, or of their scarcely bigger brothers and sisters as they play.

Along the coast there is all this and more besides, for very many of the fisher folk of Japan are truck gardeners as well. The scenery itself on the coast is often of fantastic beauty, there are stretches within a few hours of Tokyo which make the French or Italian Rivieras look like squashed beetles. Here families may be seen staggering up from the beach under 80lb. loads of seaweed, which is strewn along the roadside to dry, later to be treated and eaten, or used for iodine. Floating over the water from the sardine fishers in the bay comes the haunting chant to which they haul in their nets. Peep over any rock into the clear water and it will be seen alive with small fish of brightest colour and exotic shape, as though handfuls of jewels had been scattered into it.

And everywhere smiles and singing, despite an incredible poverty. In everything Japan leads a double life and seems to glory in it. In the cities one may be on the road to visit the most technically advanced factory in the world, and find oneself caught up in a Shrine Festival Procession. Suddenly one is lost in a flutter of gay kimonos and dancing children; street cars and automobiles seem bewildered, as though brought to a standstill by a cloud of butterflies. All day the Japanese business man 'phones and hustles. But in the evening, more often than not, he dons his yukata, stretches himself upon his mats and relaxes completely, to the tinkle of water from the little fountain in the yard.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

IT is to be hoped that the world at large will realize its debt to the Czech leaders and people. There has never been a finer display of cool courage, and steadiness under gross provocation. A few incidents, regrettable enough, have shown how difficult the task has been—and how nerve-racking it must continue to be. For no one who knows anything of such troubles can doubt that fierce pressure is put on the Sudeten element by their own extremists of a full-blooded Nazi faith—confident in having something very close to immunity. And in the meantime the inherent weakness of this State, so imperfectly articulated as yet, so far from anything that can be called fusion, makes itself felt in every member. The Slovaks, Dr. Hodza's own people, are putting up their claim for an autonomy within the State. President Benesh, the least enviable man in Europe, is one of the likeliest to deal wisely with a situation that very few foreigners can appreciate with any justness. What foreigners can do, and should do, is to bring a more temperate judgment to the work that was done at Versailles, less than twenty years ago. The fashion is to denounce it out of hand, making monsters of iniquity out of Lloyd George and Clemenceau seducing into their nefarious plans a pathetic figure of incompetence, President Wilson. Well, in the first place, these triumvirs were copiously supplied with the best advice procurable. And in the second, which is far more important, this creation of theirs, Czechoslovakia, has given, so far, indisputable proof that they worked with insight. They did the best they could; they followed Masaryk's guidance, and I do not know that the Europe of our lifetime has produced a better guide. The proof is that he has formed men to carry on his tradition; and their ability has been seen in this time of tempest. It is the business

Fair Play for The Czechs

of Europe to see that this young State gets fair play and elbow-room to deal with its own staggering difficulties—which have grown suddenly more acute because the peace of Europe has been disturbed by lawless force, and because the authority of all that was done at Versailles is called rudely into question.

It is admitted that the attitude of the British Government has been a steadying factor in this crisis ; and France seems to have found a capable head in M. Daladier. Like Mr. Chamberlain, he has given the impression of readiness to act, without being provocative. From the West Czechoslovakia has been well supported, and the anger of the German press proves it. We are not likely to see a military attempt. But it is certain that whatever economic difficulties can be created for Czechoslovakia by Germany will be created—and the opportunities are only too many : certain also that internal troubles will be fomented by every possible means. How far Czechoslovakia's less than friendly neighbours, Poland and Hungary, will lend assistance remains to be seen. Hungary was Austrian, and what was Austrian, in Herr Hitler's mind, certainly means, what was German. There are no limits to racial megalomania except those that are imposed by fear. It would be a singular irony if Poland were thinking of a new partition in which Poles instead of being the partitioned would be among the partitioners.

Polish Doubts

A note in *The Times* is welcome which tells us that the uncontrolled press in Poland—for Poland keeps that attribute of freedom—is criticizing sharply the attitude of their Government as leaning too much to the side of the dictators. There are Poles, then, who realize that Poland has nothing to fear from the democracies and much from the dictatorships.

We are urged to consider the lessons of 1914, and Mr. Garvin, in *The Observer*, provides the formula by which catastrophe may be avoided. Czechoslovakia must either allow the Sudeten Germans to join the *Reich* or abandon its alliance with Russia. In other words the small recalcitrant State is either to alter its foreign policy at the dictate of a strong neighbour to dismember itself. This would, of course, merely postpone the dismemberment. No one need doubt that Mr. Garvin accurately interprets Germany's wishes.

What is at Stake

But since we are admonished to remember 1914, let us recall that Serbia went to the last limit of concessions, and Austria did not think fit to accept. The result of that decision was not fortunate for Austria; and this will not escape the memory of the German military authorities. They will remember that it is not safe to count on England's inaction. The matter at stake in Czechoslovakia is the civilization of Europe, which concerns every man or woman in these islands.

Precautionary Measures

Meanwhile the British Government is coping with a constantly increasing demand for protection from the air and for power to attack in the air. This is not unreasonable. If Great Britain and France hold together and continue to pile up armaments, they should, after about two years, reach a position which will make European war an unprofitable venture for any Power likely to undertake it. The danger is perhaps at its maximum this year, and the multiplication of A.R.P. can be justified. There has been great provision of gas masks, though these will, one may hope, never be used. In Spain and in China the force which possesses ascendancy in the air has refrained from this expedient, partly because it shocks humanity, but chiefly because there would be retaliation in kind. Since the Great War, gas has only been used against the Abyssinians who had not any means of replying. But the bombing threat is grave beyond dispute, and gravest where population is most crowded—that is, in Great Britain.

Its results, however, have been disappointing for the believers in frightfulness. Catalonia appears to be stiffened in resistance. In China the tale of horrors keeps on mounting and draws protests from the United States as well as from the humaner parts of Europe; but though the Japanese armies have again definitely got the upper hand, there is no sign that China's will to keep up the struggle is broken or even weakened. It is reported that one Chinese general, charged with inadequate determination to resist, has been decapitated. On the whole, history approves this method of dealing with leaders who seem half-hearted in a desperate struggle; and the Chinese have had so many examples of armies betrayed that fierce discipline may well be needed.

Sir Thomas Inskip, admitting the danger of panic when a crowded area is exposed to bombardment, expressed his faith that the British would show their accustomed coolness. It was a very proper observation, provided that the authorities do not rely too much on this, or on the equally traditional good nature of the British people. There is one good result of the present anxiety: England no longer thinks France unreasonably nervous; and this is probably the main reason why the countries act better in unison than before. No Englishman can say that it is absurd for France to be haunted by fears of attack when England is mortgaging her credit for a generation ahead in order to be secured against the same source of danger—which does not need to be pointed out.

War-Purpose and the Peace-Mind

Certainly Herr Hitler has built himself a monument: since the world began no one has caused, directly or indirectly, so many guns to be made, so many tanks built, so many battle planes constructed. And we are only at the beginning of the race in which he has acquired so formidable a lead. What fools the German General Staff must think the French and British!—for assuredly Germans would never have allowed a clearly marked-out hostile power to pass from inferiority to ascendancy. Almost certainly they give to themselves many reasons but the true one, which was the horror felt by all Frenchmen, and all Englishmen, soldiers no less than civilians, of being the first to set war loose again in Europe. It is said that the one man who wanted action taken to restrain Germany's rearmament when it could have been taken with certainty of success was Pilsudski—but that France rejected the Polish suggestion, knowing, apart from all other considerations, that action would have been a breach of the Kellogg Pact, and condemned by the League of Nations. What shackles the peace-desiring nations have imposed on themselves since 1918—and with what advantage to those who cultivate the will to war!

For those who wish to hear the case made for dictatorship, uncomplicated by the Jewish trouble, I commend a book which has seemed to me illuminating—Professor Starkie's "Italian autobiography", which he calls *The Waveless Plain*.

In order to know what has been done or is likely to be done in any nation, experts consult the directing persons ; they make contacts in ministerial offices, or at Geneva—a great field for their investigations. But to know the result on the body of the people a different approach is needed, and the political experts are not our best guides. Contacts have to go deeper, and it is not easy for an observer to answer as to what is felt and thought even in his own nation—not even in a small nation. I, for instance, have to admit uncertainty as to what Ireland really thinks about Mr. de Valera ; I have not moved enough about the country outside my own habitual track. But when I did so, it was not from official persons that I could learn. No foreigner coming in among another people can achieve more than a very superficial observation unless he is specially gifted. He must, of course, speak the language ; but he must also have mastered the idiom of the mind—so different in England, Scotland, Ireland and, I presume, also in Wales. What is more, he must forswear a good deal of what most folk consider indispensable comfort (not to say cleanliness), he must rough it and must have curiosity enough to enjoy the adventure. Professor Starkie fulfils all these tests. He is a linguist by profession and a vagabond by choice ; and wherever he goes, he carries a welcome in his fiddle case. Everybody has read of his trampings in Hungary and in Spain ; but when he writes of Italy he writes with a special feeling and a special knowledge ; for in the course of his early wanderings, just after the War, he fell in love with and married an Italian lady. She came on her father's side of northern stock, on her mother's of southern ; but in both lines the tradition of the *Risorgimento* was strong, and there was allegiance to Garibaldi's memory. Mr. Starkie knew these folk before Mussolini had become a name, he has known them intimately ever since ; and they, cultivated *bourgeoisie* with long Liberal affinities, accept the Duce with enthusiasm. That is something to know, yet not the easiest thing to find out ; it is the tramp who can tell us that. At the end of March, 1919, Mr. Starkie was sitting over wine in a tavern at Verona when the innkeeper's nephew, an excited young man, burst in with news from Milan. " The first *Fascio* has been formed," he shouted.

Italian Idiom

A hundred and fifty people has been at Benito Mussolini's meeting and had cheered every word. Everybody was ready to go back to the trenches and Fiume must be annexed. That was how a new birth made itself felt in Verona—and presumably in a dozen other cities. On April 24th the vagabond (still attached to Y.M.C.A., looking after soldiers not yet demobilized) saw with disillusion, and heard with enchantment, D'Annunzio speak to the crowd from his balcony in Venice. " We are done with hope. We hope no more. We *will*." Then a pause. " We *will*—Repeat that word." All the people with one roar answered " *Vogliamo*."

The Witness of Professsor Starkie

Any intelligent journalist could have attended that scene and recorded those impressions of a new force. But when Mr. Starkie was demobilized and said goodbye to British troops at Taranto, he took his fiddle and set out to tramp through Calabria, from one village inn to another ; and whenever he played, the toast would be given. " To Italian victory and our brothers in Fiume." What a Hungarian gipsy called Mr. Starkie's " gipsy nose " led him straight to a gipsy camp : and for months he tramped Calabria and Sicily in that instructive companionship. He went right down into the body of the people ; he saw quarrels time and again between Socialist and Fascist ; he found the Maffia still active and was obliged to it for the recovery of his stolen fiddle. Six years later he came back to Sicily and found the Maffia wiped out. That was one of the things that Mussolini had done for Italy.

In the following years, this autobiography relates how he was back in Italy time and again, linked to it by marriage ; how he had found the new Italy active also in America ; in short, the book is one long praise of Italy—and of Mussolini. Witness like this cannot leave any intelligent reader indifferent.

HOBBY AND INCOME

By EDWARD ANTON

THE motives which actuate the many men and women who, as quite unprofessional writers, contribute to the Press are various; but generally speaking, writing is taken up either as a hobby or as a means of income.

As a rule hobbies are a cause of expense rather than a source of income; while, on the other hand, money-making is not always in the nature of a pleasant hobby.

Writing is one of the very few occupations which combines the two objectives—a fascinating hobby and a very profitable source of income.

I am not going to indulge in exaggeration or in fanciful suggestions but I will allow myself to state two facts which are demonstrably true.

One is that the possibilities of adding materially to one's income by writing stories or articles in one's spare time are very considerable, and the other, is that there are far more people who could, if they tried, become acceptable contributors to the Press than are at present so occupied.

Take the first point—profit. The trained writer can very well produce a saleable article or short story in the course of some hours. That is by no means difficult when one has "learned the ropes." Now three guineas is quite a normal price for a short article, whilst a story of, say, 3000 to 5000 words can usually be depended upon to bring in five, eight, or ten guineas. (I am quoting what may be termed current market prices.)

Now as to my other point.

Writing stories or popular articles does not call for literary genius. Here and there, of course, one comes across contributions which bear the imprint of the stylist and the scholar, but the bulk of the contents of the average journal or magazine do not pretend to a high literary standard.

Their main value is *interest*: they entertain, inform or amuse, and thousands of these contributions are in weekly demand and are supplied by non-professional writers who have taken up free-lance journalism or authorship as a spare-time occupation.

But first, they have been wise enough to learn *how* such contributions should be written, and with that object they have taken a Course of training by correspondence from The London School of Journalism, which exists for the purpose of giving sound, authoritative instruction and guidance to literary beginners.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

GOOD WRITING

By L. A. G. Strong

UBLIN OLD AND NEW, by Stephen Gwynn. *Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

WO IN A VALLEY, by Stephen Gwynn and Roy Beddington. *Rich and Cowan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

OND OPINIONS, by Stephen Gwynn. *Muller.* 5*s.*

Certain writers are less talked about an they deserve because they appeal iefly to the inarticulate. This may em a back-handed compliment, but nen it is added to a name for scholar-ip and for those graces which are preciated only by the discerning, it akes a tribute rarely earned. Those no consciously care for good writing ve long known the name of Stephen vynn. As essayist, historian, and nolar, he has held a high place in the nds of two generations. He is a mber of the Irish Academy of Letters, journalist who has dignified his ling, a commentator who mingles banity with decision. Yet many of ose who think of him with the greatest ection would not recognize him in ese capacities. The Gwynn they ow is a supremely companionable iter, who communicates his love of native land, the mysteries of fishing l the praise of wine, in words which press all that they have felt, and more. ey have his books by their bedside, y carry them in their pocket, they p them in the cupboard with their s and tackle.

The books before me now reveal him both capacities. Probably if his literary manner had been less friendly, and his writing stiffer, he would have won a louder fame and had a fuller pocket. As it is, he discourses so easily that a casual reader may miss the excellence of his writing. The examination of Dublin and the exploration of the Coln valley are so modest, and so free from oddity, that even fellow-craftsmen are encouraged to lose the writer in his subject.

To Dublin, that small amazing city which has so brilliantly impressed itself upon the literate world, Mr. Gwynn brings a boy's devotion to an older woman, and an older man's homage to a girl. I am, I confess, at a loss to convey the charm and dignity of his work. It combines the informality of to-day with the restraint of the day before yesterday. Even his lightest paragraphs have a spareness, an instant though concealed power to spring taut under the easy surface: and his emotion is the stronger for understatement. The city given vivid life in *Ulysses*, in *Adam of Dublin* and *The Informer*, in *Remembering Sion* and O'Casey's plays may at first look pale in this unhurried record: but how valuable is this quiet, tender, humorous, astringent filling in of detail, explaining a prospect here, setting a fact or a character in perspective there, inviting son and stranger with equal sureness of touch. There are inequalities in the writing, which is another way of saying that not even Mr. Gwynn can write of every aspect with the same felicity. I

can think of a dozen writers who would jump at the idea of writing a book about Dublin. Each would excel at what Dublin meant for him, but none would come so near what Dublin means to all of us, and none would approach the ease with which Mr. Gwynn evokes the city's past.

To the Coln Valley Mr. Gwynn comes as a visitor only, with a sharp eye and a love of the Cotswolds for his guide. His task has been to provide a libretto, as it were, for the pictures of Mr. Roy Beddington.

> "The Coln Valley, which the pictures of this book have been selected to illustrate, is part of Cotswold, which is part of England. Each of these divisions, greater and lesser, has its own special character. I never saw anthing more quintessentially English than the Coln Valley, yet nothing in England has a beauty more distinctively its own. This particular charm is given by attributes which it shares with all Cotswold; Cotswold stone and the peculiar craftsmanship which the presence of that stone has engendered mark it off from scores of other English valleys where a chalk stream meanders between gently sloping hills; but nowhere else in Cotswold is the rich beauty found by which England is distinguished from all other European countries. The Coln Valley is more beautifully English than the rest of Cotswold."

As persuasively as if he spoke from the other side of the inn fireplace, with a tankard in his hand, Mr. Gwynn brings countryside, water, villages, houses (and inns) into what, for once, may fairly be called a running commentary. It runs as easily as the Cotswold streams, fit accompaniment to the clean, affectionate line of Mr. Beddington's pictures.

But the book of the three, for me, is the collection of essays. Of startling excellence, they put Mr. Gwynn among the first living masters of the art. He treats with almost Baconian terseness such large subjects as Happiness, Hatred, Experience, Courage, Piety, Education, Change, and says something new and definite on each. Easy utterance, they are far from easy thought.

> "For a certain period in Europe there w a literary affectation of unhappiness. Byr was its great man: and in spite of h fopperies, Byron was much too great to ha seriously undervalued happiness. The m to whom he was attracted were happy me healthy natures—notably Walter Scott, wh returned his liking; but the one of all othe for whom Byron had real affection was To Moore. If Moore had genius at all, it was genius for happiness; his literature w little more than an extension of his person charm. He was understood because he w happy, happy because he was understood.
>
> "And yet I think that Byron, wh distorted and falsified all understanding his utterance, and even the utterance itse by his wilful pose of unhappiness, achiev in the end a happiness higher than Moo ever knew. From a literature which h himself had tainted with insincerity, h escaped into the sincerity of action; a his last lyric has what can scarcely b discovered elsewhere in his work—the ri of a happy heart. 'Awake—not Greec she is awake'; no unhappy man wro that. He began to live when, instead talking about dying, he found somethi worth dying for.
>
> "The radical vice of Byronism, whi spread all over Europe like a disease, w that it represented unhappiness as a ma of distinction, as if happiness were somethi vulgar and superficial. That is a whimpe ing doctrine."

It seems so obvious, when it is put clearly. That is the danger Mr. Gwyn has always run. What he says h been so sternly hammered out, and is clearly uttered, that it looks as anyone might have thought of The note on danger, from the essay Experience: the proof that it is m who have decided what is shocking, a that, until to-day, women took the cu the examination of Thackeray's a Hardy's attitude towards happiness the latter done in a line or so, but wi what subtlety: the opening of t essay on Education: the whole ess on Courage, have the hard-w simplicity which is the mark of M Gwynn as man and artist.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW

By JOHN ARMITAGE

IONG OTHERS, by Lord Elton. *Collins*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

TCHES OF SUNLIGHT, by Lord Dunsany. *Heinemann*. 15*s*.

E UPWARD ANGUISH, by Humbert Wolfe. *Cassell*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

E WAY TO THE PRESENT, by John van Druten. *Michael Joseph*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

No further justification of the modern obiography is needed than the fact t a curious public maintains an atiable appetite for food which lts easily in the mouth, rests sweetly the tongue, is quickly digested and any sweetmeat is as quickly for-ten. The reader is like a child with bag of sweets into which, and un-trolled by parental authority, he y dip his hand knowing that each e he will be rewarded by a tit-bit ering in flavour although always to taste. Fortunately for literature se who write have not infrequently nething to say of greater value than analysing of their own emotions characters, and all four of the books sidered here will appeal in varying portions to many people. From a k-seller's point of view it may be en as certain that the desire of a man vrite about himself, his thoughts and ings is nothing compared to the ire of others to share his triumphs enjoy his weaknesses—indeed the hor is usually brought unwillingly the starting-gate by a jockey named "publisher" and a winning post marked "gain"—at least that is what he would have us believe.

Lord Elton has, I think, the most to say. His book has action and anecdote in addition to doing its main job of thinking aloud on paper very nearly as well as his voice proclaims his thoughts on the air from Broadcasting House. That is a good achievement, but the book needed more careful planning to be called great. It begins as a narrative biography with the author rowing straight down the middle of the stream, in constant touch with both banks in spite of temptations to stop and pluck flowers of thought from one side or the other; but later Lord Elton is encouraged to rest on his oars too long, and as a narrative the book suffers. The book also needs sub-editing, for the author has little love for paragraphs.

Intelligence founded on experience and a natural kindliness are the chief weapons in Lord Elton's armoury, the causes of his success and his popularity. The listener and the reader recognize in him, and their hearts warm to him in consequence, a kindred soul, a man who has roots and who wants to do unto others, *etc.*, just as they wish to do, however often they may fail. They hate the intellectuals because they do not understand them, and Lord Elton hates them because he does. Lord Elton is right, although not so right as he would like to be. Intellectuals have their uses, as he himself really

admits when he writes "an intellectual is only completely at home among ideas and words."

Undoubtedly the most vivid experience in Lord Elton's life has been the siege of Kut. It confirmed his socialism and "the grimmest martyrdom of the war," the marching off of the rank and file into the desert, turned him, wrongheadedly, but understandably, some years later into a Labour Candidate for Parliament. His views were never those of the Labour Party, in spite of his great affection and admiration for Mr. Ramsay Macdonald; he was cast in a different mould, but he wanted to serve the ordinary man, the rank and file, and he chose that way, successfully, though never as a member of the House of Commons.

Reading *Patches of Sunlight* not hurriedly as is the custom of reviewers but leisurely in full sunshine in a corner of a Minster Yard garden beneath the Bishop's Eye of Lincoln Cathedral, Lord Dunsany found me listening with sympathetic ear to his belief "that those sudden visionary pictures which are the true essence of any art arise like a flower from a seed that has fallen into the mind, sometimes in infancy, sometimes in later childhood, sometimes in adult years, but often as imperceptibly as any seed blown on the wind finds a home for itself in the earth at the end of its wandering."

In *Patches of Sunlight* Lord Dunsany seeks to recapture the moments of his life when the seeds were ready for sowing and tells us later of the flowers they produced for "any interest there may be in this topic"—the story of his life—"can only come from what I may have been able to do with English prose, or such poetry as I may have been able to get into it, and short stories that I have made with it, and plays, which have little to do with it." This is far from being the case, although the book has such gentleness of purpose that it shines like a casket of jewels beneath the sunlight. From among his thoughts Lord Dunsany shows himself from time to time, and especiall when relating the story of "M Skane River Fleet," a society rich i imagination for his nephews and niec and himself—"And hereto I have s my avuncular Name and Seals. Behol and tremble. Edward the Uncle.

Mr. Humbert Wolfe's way of writin his biography is to divide his life int portions, not continuous, and write book about each of them, a thoroughl satisfactory method for the reade because he writes so well. *Th Upward Anguish* is an account o Oxford days and the reader is allowe to follow the precocious, self-confiden Umberto Wolff, through triumphs an tribulations, watched over by a fatherl Mr. Wolfe who finds considerabl humour from his detached view-poin of middle-age. Mr. Wolfe has neve reached such Olympian heights as th young Umberto. The book is rich i humour and richer still in understanding and there are many portraits of thos whose names were then only jus beginning to be known to fame. On chapter, *Soldiers in Oxford*, is almost digression but it is immensely funn and well worthy of inclusion. "Th Scholar (U. Wolff) admits that he wa the least satisfactory soldier in camp He has since on many occasions asserte that at the end of camp (when he lef a day before the time) he was the onl private left in the battalion, and tha the competition among lance-corporal to command him had to be seen to b believed."

"The Way to the Present" stop short when Mr. van Druten sails fo America following the death of his mother and the success of "Young Woodley" in the United States. His is an even tale, told well, and it will b enjoyed by all those who have followe the author's career as a playwright. The importance of such a book is not great but there is plenty to admire in Mr. van Druten's style and in his ability t compress a mass of detail into a smal compass. A pleasant book with some good portraits of contemporaries seen in flashlight.

REIMAL OESTERREICH, by Kurt Schuschnigg, Thomas-Verlag, Jakob. *Hegner*, Vienna.

AREWELL AUSTRIA, translation by John Segrue, P. Eckstein and others. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

HE MISSION OF AUSTRIA, by Edward Quinn. *Sands, Paladin Press.* 5*s.*

USTRIA STILL LIVES, by 'Mitzi Hartmann.' *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

USTRIA AND AFTER' by Franz Borkenau. *Faber* 8*s.* 6*d.*

WILIGHT IN VIENNA, by Willy Frischauer. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

HE LAST FIVE HOURS OF AUSTRIA, by Eugene Lennhoff. *Rich & Cowan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

With a touching faith in the public's pacity for lingering thoughts the ublishers are tumbling over one another inform us about the waif that was st-War Austria. Three of these emorials, it is true, were composed fore the end came. But even Dr. huschnigg's panel portraiture of the ustrian idea comes accompanied in its nglish rendering by the posthumous le—and an Appendix section contain- the Chancellor's three last pro- uncements after the fateful Berchtes- den meeting. The address to the deral Diet on February 24th—on the eme 'Austria must remain Austria'— in itself a tragic mirror of Kurt uschnigg's over-civilized, essentially lective temperament: the epitaph a politician *malgré lui* who was erly sincere, ruggedly honest, sure of nself in a dour determined way, yet omed to failure because he was irely lacking in *plebs* appeal.

Dreimal Oesterreich is, in fact, a racteristic attempt to rationalize l to present in historical perspective specific purpose to which Kurt uschnigg, following his master, az Seipel, felt himself called: the ion of an independent Austrian te, Roman in religion and German culture, linked only by a metaphy- l tradition with the quondam *Reich*, the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation. How that mission was conceived by its Catholic apologists appears in the little book by Edward Quinn—likewise overtaken by events. While there is some interesting discussion of the vocational bodies (Stände) designed for the new Catholic State, Mr. Quinn reveals the besetting fault of his kind in allowing the shadow of tradition to blot out any vision of a future Europe nurtured in federal union—which could alone have saved Vienna. We have a glimpse, but only a glimpse, of what might have been when Dr. Schuschnigg speaks of Austria's function in the post-War world as being "to contrive a Central European organization to include Germany." He rejected, that is to say, the "inevitable" choice between Danubian Union and *Anschluss*, while, as to the Legitimist solution, he seems to realize that it could never have been more than a lubricant of the domestic wheels. In a healthful world, no doubt, the synthesis imagined by Dr. Schuschnigg would be sheer common sense, and a majority inside Austria and beyond her frontiers would have worked for it. But the world is very sick. And, if there is one clear lesson that emerges from his disquisition, it is that the elements of an effective *will* which he invoked in the February 24th speech, were in fact lacking.

All due allowance being made for his conservative bias, the author's description of a 'formal parliamentary democracy' which just didn't work provides sufficient condemnation of the pre-Dollfuss Austria. The Social-Democrat leaders are here seen to be hopelessly party-bound, above all lacking any feeling for or understanding of tradition, of which the Austrian atmosphere was redolent.

The other side of the medal is presented by 'Mitzi Hartmann,' who grew up with the new order and is a good enough advertisement of it. Out of her own personal agony of reflection she has produced a remarkably vivid book which is something more than a *cri de coeur*. While there is no attempt

at a full-scale picture, she contributes much significant detail: *e.g.*, how Schuschnigg's Hamlet-like irresolution was his undoing in that last tragic month, how the Nazi spokesmen were technically correct in contending that the Schuschnigg plebiscite was 'illegal.'

Easily the most important of these books is the conspectus of Austria's history provided by Franz Borkenau, Dr. Borkenau reminds us that the old Austrian Empire was not a commonwealth based upon co-operation of its component elements—but a hierarchy of the various nationalities. Any plan for a Danubian confederation, so reasonable on economic grounds, was therefore foredoomed to be stranded on the same rocks as the pre-War polity. Rump-Austria, on the other hand, "could not live economically. But economic conditions alone were not decisive. No country can live without the willing loyalty of the great majority of its citizens, without their active patriotism." Why that allegiance was never forthcoming is to be explained only by history, and Dr. Borkenau provides that explanation. Not the least valuable testimony here is the analysis of Austria's political Catholicism—its attachment to worldly power—and the revolt of the rural masses against it, their swing over to the Nazis, which was probably the decisive factor, in the triumph of the 'German' solution.

Twilight in Vienna, except for a final chapter, takes us aside from politics in the conventional sense of the term. It is a capital study of Austria's ordeal since 1918 as it affected ordinary men and women. Herr Willy Frischauer, after a rolling-stone youth, earned a reputation in Vienna as an exceptional newspaper reporter, with a special flair for the 'human interest' stories which were never lacking in that misery-ridden city. His description of the plight of the impoverished middle-classes, in particular, and of the terrible degradations to which they came in the 'struggle for life' will be an eye-opener to those who never penetrated beyond the surface in Vienna. And while one may smile at the suggestion that the Book Club rash in England marks the first stage of our social disintegration, he may be allowed to point his moral that "the enemies of dictatorship are the first who must study and learn the causes . . for which they themselves are to blame which brought Dictatorship inevitably to birth . . ." Both 'Mitzi Hartmann and Willy Frischauer are naturally bitter about the uncomprehending attitude of England in general in the face of the "gigantic tragedy."

And so we come to the tragic *dénouement* itself. It is depicted with photographic accuracy by Herr Lennoff editor of the *Telegraf*, which, with its stable-companion the *Echo*, was Vienna's most fiercely anti-Nazi newspaper. A gripping tale, told 'hot.' On the Friday night (March 11th) the author and a colleague, with the proprietor escaped by car over the Hungarian frontier—by the skin of their teeth. Actually, Nazi braves entered the premises of the paper by the front-door as Herr Lennhoff and his companions slipped out at the back. The reader is left with one outstanding impression—that Austria's ruling elements were so intent on stratagems for consolidating their position at home that they did not realize the 'external' danger until it was too late. Hitler has brought now to a fine art the method of the *fait accompli*—and, alas! "Downing Street does not reckon with it". That is a sobering thought for us in England—if not so true now as when it was written. No less sobering and bitterly true is 'Mitzi Hartmann's comment: "the significance of Austria has only become clear to world opinion when its independence is already lost."

W. Horsfall Carter.

HINDOO ART IN ITS SOCIAL SETTING by P. N. Dubash. *National Literature Publishing Co.*

In many ways this is a very ingenuous piece of work, and Miss Dubash disarms criticism by the manner in which she insists that it was written as a thesis for an M.A. Unfortunately we are not the examiners, and could have been spared

tain parts of the book which show le more than that Miss Dubash is a rd-working student who has read her nedetto Croce, Clutton Brock, Kaines ith, etc., and taken notes. It uld, however, be totally unfair to ıdemn the book on this account, and s presumably written for an Indian her than an English public. Once ss Dubash has had her say about hetics, and warms to her subject, the ok acquires the interest of a real husiast writing about the art of her n country. It is a 'made' book in sense that there is little in it which l be new to those who have studied works of Coomaraswamy, R. C. tt, and Havel, but there is a certain hness of outlook, especially in the l chapters in which Miss Dubash tried to reconstruct the daily life Ancient India from the art and rature of the period. Here she is e to provide the kind of background ch so many English writers must r. Some of her studies from the nta cave paintings are specially resting.

n ignorance of Sanskrit, which the ıoress is at no pains to conceal, adds he impressian that this is a rather teur performance. But in spite of , or perhaps because of this, it ld not be at all a bad book to mmend as an introductory study early Hindu art. It may sound er patronizing for an Englishman raise the general appearance of a r. But in commenting on the llent type, the good printing, and llent 'make-up' of this work, I do ith some appreciation of the very t practical difficulties connected the production of English books ndia. The steady improvement the war has been remarkable. of the photographic reproductions ood, though some of them illustrate great practical drawback to an eciation of Hindu sculpture, the ast between the bright light outside the obscurity inside the temples. applies specially to the Jain les.

ss Dubash, as a western Indian, is both patriotic and, I think, right in stressing the importance of Jain sculpture. Most of it lies well away from the conventional tourist routes. Apart from the Jain work at Mount Abu it is almost unknown. Very few Europeans trouble to go to Palitana, and fewer still to Badami. Now that the Indian constitution is getting over its teething troubles, the Government might find time to work out and then popularize a Hindu grand tour. It is absurd that so many thousands of visitors pass through India, and gather an impression of a Mohammeden Northern India between the two architectural monstrosities of Bombay and Calcutta. Very few even go to Ujjain. Climate may have something to do with this conventional tour, yet there are times of the year when Bijapur, Badami, Vijayanagar are very pleasant, but they are definitely off the main lines. Perhaps this book will do something to restore a sense of proportion about Indian art, the real basis of which must be always Hindu.

Miss Treasuryvala has done some attractive black and white drawings for the book.

G. T. Garratt.

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF MODERN BRITAIN: Machines and National Rivalries (1887—1914) with an Epilogue (1914—1929), by J. H. Clapham. *Cambridge University Press* 25*s*.

THE WORLD'S ECONOMIC FUTURE (Sir Halley Stewart Lectures for 1937), by A. Loveday, J. B. Condliffe, B. Ohlin, E. P. Heckscher, and S. de Madariaga. *Allen & Unwin.* 4*s*. 6*d*.

"And so a plan designed vaguely more than thirty years ago, and first drawn out in some detail more than twenty, is a plan no longer. *Laus Deo.*" Thus Professor Clapham gives thanks on the completion of the third and final volume of his Economic History, and students of modern Britain in the making will be all the more in his debt.

The opening chapter, 'The Industrial State, Its Neighbours and Vicissitudes, 1887—1914,' gives in some detail the contours to be covered: price movements and business fluctuations, the development of the world economy and Britain's place in it side by side with her competitors, a cautious appraisal of our industrial achievements in comparison with those of Germany and the United States on the eve of the Great War. The story then moves on to particular aspects: to agriculture, first submerged in the industrial state and then adapting itself to the changed conditions; to a survey of developments in particular industries; to an account of the financial organization of economic activity—limited liability technique, company promotion, the co-operative movement, industrial growth and combination. This is followed by a chapter headed 'Commercial and Industrial Organization,' which covers Stock Exchanges, the development of insurance companies, trade associations and Trade Unionism. Next comes an account of communications, and this in its turn is succeeded by a chapter on 'The Economic Activities of the State,' which describes the new taxation and the new expenditure, and the development of social services and of the growing governmental paternalism. The main part of the book concludes with 'Life and Labour in Industrial Britain.' "Thinkers and dreamers might well be discontented with the order of society or with the rate at which that order was being changed; but no honest man with a reasonably long and accurate memory, and some appropriate knowledge, could deny that it was a better order, if better only by a little, than at any time in the modern industrial age."

The ground covered would, of course, be common to any large-scale work covering the same period; it is on treatment and method that the strength of Professor Clapham's work is based. He reconstructs the past fragment by fragment, by means of an immense and intense attention to detail. It is this ability to collect, sort out and fit together an infinity of little piec which gives this economic history n only its distinctive flavour but al makes it into a major achievement scholarship and a standard work reference. Professor Clapham h stuck, deliberately and unswervingl to detailed facts and reconstructio of the past; for the scholar ar specialist this has the advantage th major issues are not pre-judged; b the more general reader may find th the self-imposed limitations of i method make this a book for dippi into rather than for reading—or least easy reading.

We live in a world of shadows-shadows of coming economic *boulevers ments*, shadows of future wars. The doubts and uncertainties are faithful depicted and discussed by th authorities who gave the Halley Stewa lectures last year. "Each one of us says Mr. Loveday in his opening lectu (will anyone disagree with him?) " suffering consciously or unconscious from a feeling of political, social, ar economic insecurity." Mr. Loveda analyses three factors making f economic instability: the drop in th rate of growth of population in mo civilized countries; the increase real income per head; and th increased quantities of capital employe in modern industrial productio Professor Condliffe discusses the shi in the economic balance of powe "The relative weight of Europe world production and world trad shows signs of declining." "We a witnessing the gradual development of new economic system, necessari international in character, in which th centre of gravity is again movi westward." "In the next generatio the economic importance not only of th United States but of the Britis Dominions and of the South America countries must surely continue increase." And "we must probab reckon with the beginnings of a ne cycle of population increase in th great peasant masses of the Far East

Professor Ohlin, speaking on 'T Future Economic Organization,' dea

h the problem of combining centrali-
ion and organization with adequate
ibility; Professor Heckscher has
gestive comments on recent changes
economic processes and some
resting statistics on changes of
upations in fourteen leading countries
ing the post-War years. Señor
dariaga winds up the series with a
ussion of "Mental Settings of Our
nomic Future.' He sorts out the
e mental settings'—Liberalism,
mmunism, Fascism, the Religious
dency, and Internationalism. The
ent "mental anarchy" cannot be
wed to last; dogmatic positions
t be given up; an organic synthesis
ll these doctrines is necessary, and
so will the true World Common-
lth arise. The 'gospel according to
t Salvador' does not fairly lend itself
ummary: it is, of course, always
iant; it is often suggestive; at
es it carries conviction; but it
ns, somehow, too remote to be a
ent help in time of trouble.

A. T. K. GRANT.

GLAND EXPECTS EVERY MERICAN TO DO HIS DUTY, by uincy Howe. *Robert Hale.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

' some young Englishman were to
a book with crude insults upon the
ted States of America, the last
ple in the world to waste their
ey in sponsoring the publication of
ould be the distinguished firm of
on and Schuster, of which Mr.
ncy Howe is a member. Yet the
of Robert Hale undoubtedly got
o a good thing when they decided
eat the English public to an edition
Mr. Howe's views upon England.
here is certainly a wide section
pinion in America which likes to
the hidden hand of British policy
verything that it opposes or mis-
s. British propaganda during the
t War, British influence over Mr.
or President Hoover, British
ections among America's financial
journalistic leaders—these are
ed for any untoward event that
ot be otherwise explained. A sort of legend has grown up, which attributes a miraculous efficacy to the underground agents of Britain. Our secret service is reputed to be omniscient and infallible; and it is popularly believed that no American can be relied upon to resist the blandishments of London society for more than a season or so.

In the mind of Mr. Quincy Howe, these suspicions have reached the stage of fermentation. The "British Network" is his name for the all-pervading influence which he has come to see around himself and his hapless countrymen: and his book is a manful effort to tear the veil of illusion from their eyes. According to his view, the British have been making fools of America ever since the days of President Monroe. Their influence reached its peak in Mr. Hoover's term of office, and was responsible, needless to say, for the depression. Not even under President Roosevelt is America secure from this sinister influence. Britain still moves in a mysterious way her wonders to perform. She has a stranglehold over the policy of the *New York Times*. She can rely upon that faithful bogey-man of the American journalist, the "House of Morgan," otherwise, and still more darkly, referred to as "23 Wall Street." And, most dangerous of all, she operates upon the unsuspecting Yank through the English-Speaking Union, which, beneath a disguise of garden-parties and conducted trips to Stratford, contrives who knows what dark intrigues against the neutrality of America.

Up to this point, the English reader will feel quite overwhelmed by Mr. Howe's appreciation of his subtlety and guile. But no sooner has he ceased to extol the efficacy of the "British Network," than Mr. Howe turns in his tracks and proceeds to show how Britain is forced to rely upon America because of the terrible decay which has set in and is sapping her national existence. His evidence for this appears to have been taken at second or third-hand. Most of it is inaccurate, and none of it original.

The third step in this argument is pretty obvious. If England cannot save herself, and her civilization is not worth saving, the United States can with a clear conscience wash her hands of all European responsibilities. It is a conclusion which appeals to Englishmen as well as to Americans. There can be no Englishman alive who does not loathe the very idea of dependence on America's strength, and hate the need of dragging down the hopes and ideals of the new world to the level of our continental squabbles. But we have not yet the least idea of the grounds, of the time, or of the relative strength of the parties to the next war. We may have to fight for Gibraltar, or we may have to fight for the whole world: no man knows, least of all Mr. Quincy Howe. In the meantime he has thought fit to drop his little dose of venom into the ears of his more ignorant countrymen, and to suggest that they disown beforehand any part in the most critical struggle and the most splendid responsibility in history.

HERVEY MIDDLETON.

WALLENSTEIN, by Francis Watson. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

ONCE A COMMISSAR, by Vladimir Koudrey. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Upon no part of Europe did the collapse of the idea of a unified Christendom bring more disastrous consequences than to Germany in the seventeenth century. A united German-speaking State was an historical possibility, but the effort towards such a unity involved the Thirty Years War at the close of which all Germany was ruined and desolate. It took Central Europe over a century to recover from the robberies and the devastations (hence the unexampled excitement to-day in Germany at the unity at last achieved no matter what the price.) Tilly and Wallenstein were the great captains on the Habsburg side, seen over against Gustavus Adolphus, the King of Sweden, the Lion of the North and champion of the Protestants, who was killed in his decisive victory ov Wallenstein at Lutzen in 1632.

The prolongation of the war, and th fact that it was not fought along determinate frontier, but all over a empire of patches, Protestant her Catholic there, made it one of the mo cruel and destructive that Europe ha known since the days of the barbaria raids. In his strikingly readable an yet firmly sound portrait of Wallenstei Mr. Francis Watson has given Englis readers for the first time a thoroug idea of the colossal man who was prototype of that Middle Europe whic to this day throws up men who a great plunderers and destroyers an at the same time builders and visionarie

Mr. Watson's fine study is that of man of action in one of the most activ and uncontemplative eras in history of a man at home with the minut particulars regarding an army's need in the field; of a man capable climbing from total obscurity to almos an emperor's power; of a man wh could think in large constructive idea in the moving of forces resulting in th mastery of kingdoms. Mr. Vladim Koudrey conducts us into the centr of another period in history when othe mighty men of action controlled force of destruction and swept away whol dynasties and political systems. Bu it is the study of a man of inaction, contemplation, of art, caught up in a this. It is an extraordinarily we drawn picture of the chaos which a such times reigns everywhere save in th minds of the few self-chosen leade who know what they want, what happening, and what to do. Th posturing and the farce of the insole newly appointed puppets calle officials, entangling everyone in re tape and giving fantastic orders whic no one could possibly carry out; th hatred and the spleen of revolutionar minds that rejoice in indiscrimina slaughter and the caricaturing justice in the name of an Ideal; th wandering hither and thither in railwa trains and interminably waiting waiting rooms, of the bewildered mo the miserable, ignorant multitude, fo

om, supposedly, the whole show staged; the country towns not owing whether if they went White day they would have to go Red morrow; the Chekovian irrelevancies d wayside comedies—all this which kes the stuff of life for the people the great revolutionary times, and of ich History so seldom stoops to eak, is the theme of "Once a mmissar." It is more of course. It the autobiography of a man—like, w many hundreds in these days?—o would gladly join in a revolution destroy the oppressors and save the pressed. But, having joined, are illusioned. They do not see the ly of a humanitarian or idealistic itude, once a revolution is in action. still thought," says Koudrey, "in ms of freedom, and justice for the ividual, unaware that nothing less n identity with the revolution could an survival." He is not being castic at the expense of those who lized this. It is essential to flow h a current of that magnitude or ke a stupid sacrifice of your life—or ape. By a miracle he escaped to erica in time.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS.

E UNVANQUISHED, by William aulkner. *Chatto & Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

IE WILL KNIT, by Fred Urquhart. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

RING ALWAYS COMES, by Elizabeth ambridge. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

NCEL ALL VOWS, by Lilo Linke. *onstable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

n his latest novel Mr. William lkner shows a considerable change n his earlier work. *The anquished* reveals him as more dued, more disciplined and more al than before. It is a story of the erican Civil War, centred in the racters of a grandmother, her ndson (who narrates the story) and negro playmate. In his plot Mr. lkner borders on Hollywood's urite hokum, a 'little old lady' who inates big strong men, outwits all her enemies and always speaks with a pawky humour. In his worst moment he descends to:

> 'She hadn't got any older or weaker, but just littler and littler and straighter and more and more indomitable.'

where the sentimental childishness of 'littler and littler' is quite falsified by the intrusion of the adult and literary word 'indomitable.'

Nevertheless, Mr. Faulkner has a flair for concentrating the whole national drama in the small world of the old woman and the two boys. The sense of immediacy, of being actually present, is very strong. Mr. Faulkner is at his best in portraying the sensations of adventure, of surprise and excitement and quick decision, where he seizes on two or three details and recaptures the whole mood that belongs to them. This is the older homely America of buggies and Mark Twain and Artemus Ward, and I imagine that no-one has recaptured its atmosphere more vividly than Mr. Faulkner. It is not for its plot, nor for its characterization, that *The Unvanquished* is memorable, so much as for its evocation of the humour, the mood, the character, the whole way of life of a community.

Mr. Urquhart's *Time Will Knit* is a book of the same kind. It is narrated in the unartificed simplicity of the inner monologue, and its central character is a little community of people rather than any single member of it. The story revolves round an elderly Scottish couple whose cottage has been condemned as insanitary. They are compelled to move to a new housing estate, and the change breaks them up. While they are waiting to move, the story of their family is unfolded through them, their children and grandchildren. It is a story without beginning or end, a series of

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reminiscences by the fireside, a tapestry of many lives. As in *The Unvanquished*, *Time Will Knit* stops at the reproduction of life in the terms in which it is lived. The author injects no metaphysic of his own. It is documentary work with a camera, conscientiously performed. Mr. Urquhart has done for his Scottish cottagers something of what Sean O'Casey did for Dublin. There is the same racy humour, the same delight in eccentricity, the same ebullience in the face of suffering. If, as it appears to be, *Time Will Knit* is a first novel, it is a work of unusual distinction. Mr. Urquhart already has an experienced eye and a mature touch.

Miss Elizabeth Cambridge writes in a different tradition, more in the manner of E. M. Forster and Cecil Day Lewis. Her characters belong to the section of the middle-class which has a culture, a conscience and a taste for social regeneration. She has that excess of moral concern over artistic considerations, which makes *Spring Always Comes* a novel rooted in its own times. The ideas which emerge in the dialogue are allowed to enjoy a private life of intrinsic importance, apart from their value as a means of characterization. Where Miss Cambridge surpasses Day Lewis is in her nice adjustment of the two. Her principal characters are a poet-clergyman, his wife, their children, an author and a barrister; and they are sufficiently well realized to hold one's attention. The point about which they revolve is the decision of the poet to become a clergyman; in their different ways they examine the idea that Christianity may be valuable intellectually as well as emotionally. This is a contention made before the war by T. E. Hulme and since developed by T. S. Eliot. It is becoming one of the livelier topics of the present day, and it is good to have it handled so well by a novelist. Miss Cambridge is exploring new ground, so far as the novel is concerned, and she does it with an alert sensibility. Her treatment is neither frigid nor mawkish. Her prose at times has an epigrammatic economy and sharpness, her characters are individualised and they never degenera into anonymous mouthpieces for t author's views. I don't say that th is a 'great' book, but it is honest ar thoughtful and very likeable.

Miss Linke's *Cancel All Vows* is study of tragic deterioration in German refugee from the Hitler *régim* Miss Linke's sympathies will doubtle be shared by many readers, but even it is difficult to feel much enthusias for the book. The writing is rath drab, and the central character falls long way short of tragic significanc It is not in the character of tragedy to depressing or enervated or passionles *Cancel All Vows* is all three, and i sombre narrative—however 'realistic as a piece of journalism—leads one to complete indifference.

A. Desmond Hawkins.

MISCELLANEA

MY QUEST FOR PEACE, by Geor Lansbury. *Michael Joseph*. 8s 6

Many of us find it impossible to sha Mr. Lansbury's confidence that meeting between Stalin, Mussolin Hitler, Roosevelt and the chos representatives of France and Brita would result in the smoothing out difficulties and prove a basis for a lasti peace. Nevertheless, there can be fe who have nothing to learn from a ma whose whole life has been devoted advancing a better understandi between men, and we cannot but admi his dogged courage even if we dismi his arguments as too simple and naiv That man loves man is an attracti creed but it is not quite the sam thing to argue therefrom that econom conditions are the cause of all evil— least not the kind of economic ills th can be doctored satisfactorily an lastingly at a conference of curiositie all children of the age in which they liv Mr. Lansbury has toured Europe an America seeking support for h conference. His book describes h journeyings and his conversations wi dictators and lesser men. If, in th eyes of a hard boiled world, he h

hieved little, he has at least been ceived by the implacable foes of acifism in the self-same spirit which he lieves would dispel distrust.

DWARD LEAR, by Angus Davidson. *Murray.* 15*s.*

The Victorians had their Noël ward, unlike though Edward Lear ay have been to his modern prototype; t Edward Lear could paint land-apes, write books and nonsense poetry, t Tennyson's poems to music and companying himself sing them with eat sentimental effect to a drawing om audience at Farringford. It was hat Emily Tennyson and many other ctorians—"Sir, you ought to have lf the Laureateship," cried Arch-shop Tait—liked, just as we like, or ould it be liked, "Bitter Sweet." ar, in spite of early misfortunes, avelled extensively and although nerous to a fault, earned at different nes, big fees for his paintings. He as greatly indebted to and influenced Holman Hunt, but in spite of success two spheres and popularity in others, was happy only for brief intervals nen he would be boisterously gay. ar loved children and was never too ed to play or to draw his fantastic ctures for them, but he was morbidly are of his own lack of good looks and hough he had many friends, he asked much of them. Well married and the Victorian tradition of many ildren, he would probably have been e happiest man alive.

ILD FLOWERS IN BRITAIN, by Robert Gathorne-Hardy. *Batsford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Few people know even as much as ey would like to know about wild wers, perhaps because the young llector's heart is not easily stirred by wers which fade in comparison with ds' eggs which can be kept and shown. we reach maturity no longer erested in blown out birds' eggs, but hing more and more that we knew nething of the flowers which grow field, wood, and hedgerow. For ose who would like to know, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's book will make an admirable companion. He has written it to instruct his readers "in the pleasures rather than the science of botany; but since those pleasures are unattainable without some knowledge, I have tried to purvey at least a minimum of necessary technical facts—enough capital, as it were, to supply a life-supporting income of delight." Needless to say, the book is delightfully illustrated with one hundred photographs and line drawings and coloured lithographs by John Nash.

EARLY BRITISH ECONOMICS, from the XIIIth to the middle of the XVIIIth Century, by Max Beer. *Allen & Unwin, Ltd.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The formative period of British economic ideas and ideals ought to be of interest even to laymen whose concern with economic matters is practical or political rather than theoretical. For the present world has not taken to heart all the experiences of more than transient value which were

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yielded by that early period of economic development from feudalism to capitalism. Nor has this "modern age" outgrown some of the mistaken notions of early writers on economics —ideas which had their justification in the economic and political conditions of the time when they were conceived, but which, like the dominant ideal of a "favourable balance of national trade," outlasted their usefulness by centuries and are a serious ideological impediment to international trade and world peace, to-day. We can still learn from the various forerunners of Adam Smith, schoolmen, city merchants, "economists," and philosophers with whom the scholarly yet concise and well-written work of Mr. Beer is concerned. In no more than 240 pages the book gives a fully documented outline of the economic and ethical problems raised during five centuries of social developments in England, and of the doctrines which were formulated in the quest for their solution. There is much common-sense and wisdom in this book with its many quotations from Britain's first economists, who would deserve to be better known than they are, beyond the narrow circle of economic historians.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN RUSSIA, compiled by Bertha Malnick. *Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It will be surprising if this book on Russia does not enjoy the popularity it most certainly deserves. It sets out to paint an entirely non-political picture of Russian life by means of documents, decrees, letters and conversations so skilfully put together that the whole is a most interesting portrayal of the existence of any average—and in Russia it is obviously possible to live an average life—man or woman. That the State rules all can hardly be denied ; it is almost prepared to inform you how many strokes of the brush you shall use when cleaning your teeth, but there is much that is very attractive in the paternal care that the State exercises over all its comrades, from the ante and post-natal care of babies and mothers to the stimulation it offers fo everyone to take an interest in thei work and leisure. "Comrades! Goo marks are the best present we can giv our Country! ! !" would be a har motto to live up to, throughout life in England. The Russians, however, fin it apparently quite easy, but then the have constant reminders of the dir penalties of bad marks. Drawings an photographs enhance considerably th value of the text.

SEVEN SHIFTS. Edited by Jac Common. *Secker & Warburg.* 7*s.* 6*d*

In his preface, Mr. Common invite us to "have a go at it, then. You'l be interested," so having had a 'go and having been interested we recom mend it as an excellent attempt to giv some insight into the minds of thos whose jobs do not usually lead the into print. Here are the stories of plasterer, an unemployed man, me who work in steel works, gas works an under the shadow of the big chimney o the blast furnace ; a market stall holde advises us against trying to make living in his way, but there is a certai safety in being a fireman on th L.N.E.R. These are pages from rea life told simply yet effectively, and the make good reading for those wh delight to know something more about their fellowmen, what they do an what they think.

A TOUR IN NORTHUMBRIA, by Douglas Goldring. *Allen & Unwin* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This book is 'come to Northumbria presented in a most pleasing an appetising form. It is very true tha most Southerners regard the North o England and particularly Northumbria as a place wallowing in necessary industrial dirt, far from loveliness an in the midst of a deep depressio centred over Jarrow. That this is only one side of the picture and a small side Mr. Goldring sets out to show and al who know that part of the country wil agree with him that there is much beauty in this land.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

or the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief etch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY *public.*

The atmosphere of crisis persists, and arliament resumes after the Whitsun cess to find a Government paralysed the bluff-and-blackmail tactics of e totalitarian States. Mr. Chamber-n sees himself impaled on his own alian Agreement, which Signor ussolini's purpose in Spain has ndered meaningless. British prestige nnot recover so long as the necessary nditions are lacking for such an irmation of democracy as Mr. thony Eden demands.

This is the *leit-motif* of THE RTNIGHTLY this month. It is intro-ced by the Editor in a reconnaissance the home front. The choice w presented between a crabbed nservatism masquerading under tional colours and a narrow-gauge le-bound Labourism is a travesty, he ggests, of a representative system, d there is urgent need for a vehicle of litical expression for the main body intermediate voters now in fact franchised. An actual programme social measures on which all good n can agree, irrespective of party, is forth by **G. D. H. Cole,** the most ive and efficient gadfly of the bour Party. G. D. H. Cole needs no roduction. As teacher and writer questions of social philosophy and nomics he enjoys a deserved reputa-n—not to speak of his prowess, with wife's collaboration, in the con-uction of low-brow detective stories. is a Fellow and Tutor of University lege, Oxford, and Reader in nomics in the University. We e him, above all, as one of the few pendent thinkers of the Left in country.

here seems to be a kind of Gresham's in the political as in the economic sphere, and so we see a British Government powerless to uphold the restraints of international custom in regard to peaceful shipping. And the progress of the 'bad currency' extends to the Press—a point which, perhaps, the uninitiated can with difficulty appreciate. Some illuminating remarks on this point occur in the article 'Freemen of the Press?' by **Kenneth Adam.** The author is the well-known special writer of *The Star*. He graduated to his position as one of the liveliest of the younger generation of journalists from the *Manchester Guardian* and the News Department of the B.B.C.

A subject in the domestic field which must always command general attention is the evolution of medical practice. THE FORTNIGHTLY is privileged to print a thoughtful essay on this theme by one of our most distinguished surgeons, **H. S. Souttar,** Consulting Surgeon, and now in charge of the Surgical Unit at London Hospital, who includes among his many activities a special interest in Radium therapy; he is Chairman of the Radium Technical Committee of Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Intentionally we have given preference this month to the domestic field. But, on matters of foreign policy, we welcome once more to our pages **M. Andre Géraud,** the Nestor of French publicists. His long association with the *Echo de Paris* has been severed by the paper's disappearance, and Pertinax is now directing that indispensable weekly publication, *L'Europe Nouvelle* which has a unique position on the Continent for breadth of vision and liveliness of presentation.

Elizabeth Wiskemann who writes of Czechoslovakia after the critical week-

end of May 21st-22nd, has established herself as an authority on the tangled problems of Central Europe. The special historical, *Czechs and Germany* which she has undertaken for the Royal Institute of International Affairs, has just been published by the Oxford University Press. It has been hailed as an authoritative and essentially fair-minded piece of work.

Jonathan Griffin is one of the few younger minds to specialize in questions of defence; he provides now a most informative article on the actual military strength of the Czechs.

Nature seems to be taking a hand in the political turmoil of the Far East, and judgment on the probable denouement of this Sino-Japanese conflict must for the moment be suspended. We are indebted to **Harrison Brown,** an old contributor to THE FORNIGHTLY, for a fascinating article on the Japanese scene, free from preoccupations about the war. Harrison Brown, as the article relate was a rolling stone who, inevitabl sooner or later would debouch int journalism. For several years he live in Germany and other parts of Euro as the European representative of th Outlawry of War Foundation whic had its headquarters in Chicago. Bu some eighteen months ago he shook th dust of Europe from his feet and is no living a hardy pioneer's life, cultivatin the Cascara plant in British Columbia- with intervals of lecturing on Europea politics to University and Adult Educa tion audiences in different areas of th United States.

Our usual story this month is b another old friend, **Martin Armstron** Best known as a novelist—he ha written some half dozen works o fiction—he is also a poet and was for short time after the War on the literar staff of the *Spectator*. In 1934 h edited a notable Anthology of *Th Major Pleasures of Life*.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

Book No. 1 of the new monthly magazine *Query* made a brave showing on bookstalls with its formidable figure of Nazi Germany seizing Czechoslovakia in a huge pair of pincers on the cover. So far the component parts of the pincers have not met and Europe still breathes, if very uneasily. The Query of Book I. of this magazine was "World War for Czechoslovakia?" a title which hardly did justice to the fine collection of articles on that country to be found inside; but the thought and the threat of war was dominant in the minds of all writers. The names of those who have contributed articles, statements and interviews to this number speak for themselves, and among them are the Hon. Harold Nicolson, Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Marquess of Londonderry, Dr. Edgar Stern-Rubarth, the editor of this particular issue, M. Doriot, M. Kayser, Herr Henlein, Dr. Kamil Krofta, Count Bethlen, and Maxim Litvinov. *Query* costs two shillings and sixpence and is well worth it. It is very well illustrated and is a genuine attempt to inform those who wish to sift evidence for themselves and come to their own conclusions. *Query* intends to publish an issue a month on a totally different subject and those ready for publication are "The Jews," and "Scotland Yard." No doubt the proprietors will see to it that each issue is as nearly as possible concerned with the one burning question of the moment.

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Babies are not often the subject of an article in this paper, although Mr. Trystan Edwards was concerned with their failure to arrive in the "Birth-Control Barracks" when writing his article for us in last month's issue. National Baby Week is from July 1st to 7th, and special attention is being paid this year to the fact that Physical Fitness begins in the Maternity and Child Welfare Centres. The National Baby Week Council, as the propaganda agent of the maternity and child welfare movement, feels itself in duty bound to urge the need for providing facilities for recreative and corrective physical exercise at maternity and child welfare centres. There can be little doubt that the work of this council is immensely important and it is well for this country that we are at least beginning to realize that physical fitness can be and should be built up before birth. We are still a long way behind Russia in these matters.

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Those who favour the development of Scots Self-Government will find the pamphlet of the London Scots Self-Government Committee written by Mr. Thomas Burns of immense interest. It can be obtained from the publishers A. MacLaren & Sons, 268, Argyle Street, Glasgow, price 6d. (7d. post free). To the pamphlet Mr. C. R. Attlee has written a preface in which he states, "Nothing is easier than to make windy speeches on the right of Self-Government, in which little attention is given to construction, but much to the fomenting of ill between nations. In this pamphlet, self-government is put in its right place as part of a plan for giving a better and fuller life to all the people of these islands."

Penguins Progress, as the propaganda pamphlet is called, and progress they certainly do with their ' specials ' and their ' Illustrated Classics,' their hundreds of titles down to their collection of short stories named Penguin Parade. Naturally, from the FORTNIGHTLY point of view, the ' specials ' have been of particular interest, and *Mussolini's Roman Empire* by G. T. Garratt gave them an excellent start, as no doubt Madame Tabouis's work *Blackmail or War* did also, although the latter was not quite in the same class as Mr. Garratt's admirable volume.

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The Empire Exhibition at Glasgow has encouraged John Bartholomew and Son, Ltd., to produce one of their attractive pictorial plans to show the amenities of that city. Priced at one shilling on paper and 2/6 on cloth, the scale is 5¼ inches to a mile and the plan is embellished with views of the principal buildings and a decorative border showing the coats of arms of Great Britain, the Dominions, Colonies and Dependencies.